



EERIE
26
MAR

EERIE^{PDC}

A WARREN MAGAZINE

**"I WOULDN'T WANT
TO LIVE THERE!"**

...a strange,
fantastic story
in this
issue



**ALL NEW
STORIES**

...by the World's
Greatest Artists
and Writers!

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EERIE'S MONSTER GALLERY!

GREAT CAVORTING CADAVERS! DIG THIS FRESHLY SHOVELED UP NEWS FLASH FROM OLE CUZ!, UNCOVERING THE **GRAVE** UNDERTAKINGS OF...



THE BODY SNATCHERS!

MANHATTEN 1788

INSIDE THE MEDICAL LABORATORIES OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE SOMETHING **STRANGE** WAS GOING ON; AND UNDER THE GHOSTLY LIGHT OF A MIDNIGHT MOON FRESHLY INTERRED **CORPSES** WERE DISSAPEARING FROM NEARBY **GRAVEYARDS!**

PROFESSIONAL **BODY SNATCHERS** OR "**RESURRECTIONISTS**," AS THEY WERE KNOWN AS IN THE TRADE, **SOLD** THE BODIES TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGE FOR DISECTION AT **ANATOMY** LECTURERS!

THE PROFESSORS HAD LITTLE CHOICE: IT WAS EITHER STEAL THE BODIES OF THE **DEAD** OR SEND THE YOUNG DOCTORS OUT TO PRACTICE ON THE **LIVING!**



tom Sutton '69

EERIE

NO. 26

PUBLISHER: JAMES WARREN

EDITOR: BILL PARENTE

COVER: GOGOS/BODE **ARTISTS THIS ISSUE:** FRANK BOLLE, DICK PISCOPO, JACK SPARLING, TOM SUTTON, TONY WILLIAMS

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DEAR COUSIN EERIE



Never Say Nevermore

Issue #23, a poor excuse for a magazine would be easy for me to rate. Artwork: poor. Stories: terrible. Cover: atrocious. The only good thing about **EERIE** is that it's consistent. Consistently trash. The last five issues have been a gigantic bore and torturous to read. And Cousin Eerie, you sawed-off little runt, for constantly putting out such garbage to the horror world, I think you should be publicly flogged by Uncle Creepy, who puts out a good horror magazine. Also, I want you to shape up your Loathsome Lore to the high quality of **CREEPLY**. I will read your lore nevermore. Nevermore. Put that in your raven and smoke it!

ANTHONY CALVELLO
Magnolia, N.J.

Dracula in Dresden

I've searched high and low for a copy of the original novel, "Dracula." Could you please find out where I could purchase a copy? I prefer a paperback.

RON GIFFORD
Dresden, Tenn.

Stop searching. There's an ad in this very magazine offering Dracula by mail!

We've Been Framed

I've read your magazines for a long time. Even though I keep buying them, I have found mistakes in them. Take

EERIE #24, for instance. Why did you have to put a border on the cover? I like picture frames, but this is ridiculous! And what I really hate when I cut out a back issue coupon, I also cut out part of a story. I also think it would be good if you had colored comics. That would be great. Also, the way you keep jacking up the prices, I never know what I'll have to pay next month. I've found that when reading **CREEPLY** and **EERIE** together, some of the stories are alike with the same names. The only reason I buy both of them is because I enjoy reading things over and over. If you do everything this letter says to do, you'll either get a lot of new customers or you'll go out of business.

ERIC SCHMIDT
Woodland Hills, Cal.

I prefer getting new customers, if you don't mind. You don't really think that **CREEPLY**'s stories are the same as mine, do you? Everybody knows they're better.

Weird, But Good

I have just read issue #24. The cover was good. Weird, but good. You hardly ever have stories about ghouls. In #22, you had two ghoul stories. Hope you have more.

A. LONDON
New York, N.Y.

I don't know, I always hated ghoul. Don't you?



The Shadow Knows

Shame on you! Do you realize what you've done? Do you have any idea how many of us faithful readers have been disillusioned? Reed Crandall should be whipped twenty lashes with a wet noodle. I am referring to the story "Wrong Tenant." Old lady Von Weeper repeatedly cast a shadow, and, as we all know, (Well, obviously, not all of us!), vampires do not cast a reflection of any kind. I am sure, however, that if you are big enough to admit

your mistake, we're big enough to forgive you.

VON ZELLER
Columbus Grove, Ohio

I'm big enough to admit the mistake, and Reed is big enough to take his noodle lashing. But **VAMPIRELLA** won't forgive either of us. How does that reflect on her?

Keep Watching

When is **VAMPIRELLA**'s new magazine coming out? I've been watching for it.

ALAN DUVAL
Brownsville, Tex.

And Asking

I thought issue #24 was just super. Vic Prezio's cover was just great. I'm glad to see you cut out all those bright covers and put in gloomier ones. This **VAMPIRELLA**, I hear she has a new magazine, but haven't seen it on any newsstands. How come?

ROBERT ADAMS
Chicago, Ill.

You probably didn't see her magazine because it was all sold out. I can't understand why, though, it's a poor imitation of **EERIE**. If you're determined to see a copy, keep asking for it every time you go near a newsstand. If enough people ask, the newsdealers will get the idea. If they don't, get a subscription.

Hurray For Our Side

When I picked up issue #24 and looked through it, I was so happy, I almost screamed. Fabulous, sensational! I have all your issues, and this one was one of your greatest. Hurray for Cousin Eerie!

JIM O'ROARK
Santa Barbara, Cal.

Hurray for Jim O'Roark!

Better Than Grawps?

I want to comment on that freaky cover. I think it was cool, much better than those grawps your artists have been painting. I'm talking about the past covers of issues #14, #19 and, worst of all, #21! You know what the cover of #21 looks like? It looks like an eggplant with chicken legs is wearing Dr. Lane's old lady glasses.

Naaaa, I'm just kidding. One more thing, on the subject of covers: Did you know that Uncle Creepy had his picture on the cover of his first issue? Old lady Vampirella had her picture on the cover of her first issue, too. Why don't you ever have your face on your covers? You never did have your face on your first issue. And your first was even called number two! I'm not talking about that small tiny little corner where you always stand. Cuz, you've got to get noticed! I think someone with all your superiority deserves better treatment than this.

The Monster Gallery in issue #24 was absolutely psychodelic. But one little note on it, though. Captain John Smith wore a beard. Look in any history book.



To tell you the honest truth, I like to read **VAMPIRELLA** more than **EERIE**. Her stories are better than yours. I would write to her, but I'm scared. I don't know if her stories are for boys to read or for girls to read.

I haven't been sending in garbage for the Fan Fare page lately because I've had a summer job. But soon, I'll begin sending some drawings, so you guys can reject them some more.

C. HILL
Redwood City, Cal.

Glad you mentioned the Fan Fare page. From now on, it will be two pages. Which means we need more stuff to fill it. If you send artwork, try not to fold it. Try not to work in color, either. Much as we'd all like color in the magazine, we'll be printing in black and white for a while anyway. How about photographs? Nobody ever send us those, and it might be fun to print some good ones once in a while. We can use good stories, too. Make them short. And interesting.


Mortal Combat

I have a problem that's been puzzling me for a long time. I thought since a were-

Everybody knows Captain John Smith had a beard!

wolf and a vampire were creatures of the undead, they could only be killed in certain ways. The werewolf, I thought, could only be killed with silver bullets. And the vampire, I thought, could only be killed by a wooden stake through the heart. If this is so, how can a werewolf and a vampire engage in mortal combat and kill each other if neither has wooden stakes or silver bullets?

RICK NORCROSS
Napa, Cal.

 Good question! A lot of werewolves and vampires have been avoiding each other for no good reason at all. But what if a vampire has silver fillings in his teeth?

And There Are Fans

I am a comic art fan, and I had always felt that slick covered horror magazines were beneath my notice. But after reading issue #23 of

EERIE, which I cautiously picked up, I have decided to send you a letter of comment. Since there has been a price hike, I feel that an enlargement of page number is in order. After all, in that issue, there were only 45 pages of actual strips. If an enlargement of pages, is improbable, I would suggest that you strive for higher quality. Only one of the strips in issue #23, by Neal Adams, was equal to the quality of the cover.

The letters page seems to be an unexpected "torture" in every issue, with "gosh-wow" type letters floating all over the place. Since my letter is not of the "Warren Worshipper" variety, I don't expect to see it in print in your magazine. Which is why it was addressed to Mr. Warren and not the fictitious "Cousin Eerie." I don't like your refusal to print full addresses on your letters page. Often fans wish to write to each other, but you are hampering this sort of growing relationship.


As for the strips themselves it was one huge jumble. Obviously "new" talent must be brought in as the "old" staff is no longer appealing.

I found the "EERIE Fan Fare" page even more nauseating than the sickly letters page.

As for the ads, I'm quite tired of seeing phrases like "ghoul mine," "screaming issue," and "prepare if you dare" tossed around the borders of the page. If you are the high class magazine you claim to be, get rid of those low quality ads. They degrade the magazine. What ads? "New Bmm. Home Movie Shockers on Film," "Cheap Model Kits," "Horror Decal Packs," and, of course, every once in a while with those "You Can Be a Monster Too, With Our Monster Makeup Kit." Your ads should depict good reading material like the Prince Valiant books, "All Time Best Sellers in Paperback," Conan, and, of course, your own publications.

I feel there should be a great boost in quality in the Warren magazines. Both in story and art. I'd like you to know that I'm not completely against your magazines, but I writhe in pain when I see the cheap imitations on the stands. I am a comic art fan, but the Warren magazines just aren't my bag any more. However, I may purchase them if the above changes are put through. Or at least attempted.

RON SUTTON
Downsville, Ontario

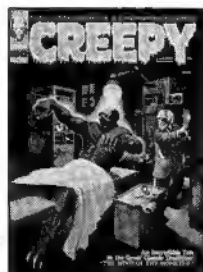
 We're trying to get better stories and art and ads. But we can't do much about the letters and the Fan Fare pages without your help. Both of them come from people like yourself.

Want to write us?
Address your poison pen letters to:
EERIE LETTERS,
22 E. 42nd St., N.Y.C. 10017

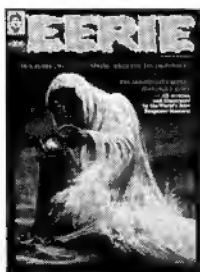


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SURE HE CAN! AND YOU CAN PROVE IT FOR YOURSELF. JUST MAIL THIS COUPON FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS TO ANY OF THE TERRIFIC WARREN MAGAZINES. THEN RELAX, YOUR MAILMAN WILL DO THE REST, YOUR MAGS WILL ARRIVE SAFE IN A STRONG ENVELOPE...AND YOU'LL DIE OF PLEASURE!!



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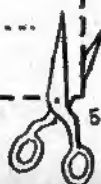
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ACROSS THE NIGHT, GUSTS OF WIND SPRINKLED THE SILENCE WITH SOUNDS OF SAND. A DESERT WAS SLEEPING.



A JOURNEY HAS JUST BEEN INTERRUPTED, AND A SPECK OF PHOSPHORESCENCE PARTS THE DARKNESS IN ITS PLUMMET TOWARD A VAGUE HORIZON.



AT THIS MOMENT, BILLIONS OF MILES BETWEEN THEM AND THEIR OWN WORLD, LOST SOMEWHERE IN ANOTHER GALAXY, THREE BEINGS WATCH THEIR ACTIVATED EQUIPMENT...



TOO REMOTE TO EVER DESERVE INHABITATION, THESE GALACTIC "MARKERS" REMAINED WELL BEYOND THE TOUCH OF CIVILIZATION. —USELESS ASTEROIDS THAT HAD NEVER SPAWNED.



...SEARCHING THE STRANGE WORLD BELOW THEM FOR SIGNS OF DANGER. **LOST!** THEY'D FAILED DISMALLY TO CHART THEIR POSITION ACCORDING TO THE MAIN ASTRAL AREAS — NOW A **CHECKPOINT PLANET** HAD TO BE USED AS A GUIDE.

YET, ALL OF THE DANGERS THESE PINPOINT PLANETS POSSESSED WERE STILL UNKNOWN...UNRECORDED. IN A FEW SECONDS, THREE MEN WOULD DESCEND THEIR LUMINOUS RUNWAY AND LEARN WHAT THEY WERE!





EVER WONDER WHAT IT'D BE LIKE TO PLOP DOWN ONTO ANOTHER PLANET? PARDON ME THEN... **VENOM VETERANS**, WHILE I UNCURL YOUR LOCKS WITH SOME SHOCKS ABOUT SOME CELESTIAL SURROUNDINGS YOU WOULDN'T CARE TO ENJOY. OH, DON'T GET ME WRONG, IT'S A GREAT PLACE TO VISIT, BUT...

It Wouldn't Want to Live There!

GORK DIDN'T QUITE KNOW WHAT TO MAKE OF IT. JUST MILES AND MILES OF WASTED LAND, AND THE TERRIBLE STING OF A THROBBING HEAT.



VEN MUST REMAIN WITH THE SHIP. IF ANYTHING HAPPENS, HE WILL SEND OUT A SEARCH SIGNAL.

AND IF IT GOES WRONG, GORK, HOW LONG WILL I WAIT?

LONG ENOUGH TO MAKE SURE WE ARE NOT COMING BACK. FOR NOW, BE PREPARED FOR... ANYTHING!

AND YOU DO THE SAME! BE CAREFUL OF THIS PLACE!



THIS PLACE! ON HIS WORLD, THEIR WERE TWELVE STARS LIKE THE ONE BEATING DOWN ON HIM, AND NONE CAUSED SUCH PAIN.

SO CLOSE, THIS SUN. I DO NOT THINK WE COULD SURVIVE HERE FOR LONG, GORK!

NOR WOULD I **WANT** TO STAY HERE, TIMUT. THERE, TIMUT! IS THAT A CITY, I SEE?



YES! IT IS MUCH LIKE OUR OWN. WE SHOULD GO THERE AND FIND OUT ITS LEADERS.

I WONDER HOW SUCH A GRAND CITY DESERVED TO BE BUILT ON THIS BARREN PLACE?



THAT SOUND DO YOU HEAR IT, TIMUT? ALMOST LIKE SOMEONE MURMURING...

WE SHOULD NOT STAY HERE, GORK. EVEN THE SILENCE PLAYS TRICKS WITH OUR THOUGHTS.



SUDDENLY THE MURMURING BECAME AN INVISIBLE TUGGING THAT JERKED GORK'S BODY INTO THE HOWLING ANGER OF THE PLANET.

HOLD ON, TIMUT! WE MUST NOT BE SEPARATED!

MY...MY EYES? I CAN'T STAND IT! THIS... FORCE IS ATTACKING US. HOW CAN WE FIGHT SOMETHING WE CANNOT SEE?



TIMUT!
WHERE ARE YOU?
T...M...U...T...

HELP ME, GORK... HELP... M...E...

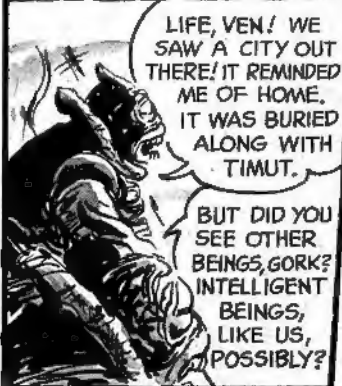


THE CITY IS GONE! WIPED OUT BY THE SAME FORCE THAT DESTROYED TIMUT. HE WAS RIGHT...

...THIS WORLD IS NO PLACE TO REMAIN.



ONE WASTED LIFE, AND IF NOT FOR VEN'S SEARCH SIGNAL, GORK TOO WOULD HAVE PERISHED. ONE WASTED LIFE, AND STILL THEY DID NOT KNOW THEIR DIRECTION HOME.



LIFE, VEN! WE SAW A CITY OUT THERE! IT REMINDED ME OF HOME. IT WAS BURIED ALONG WITH TIMUT.

BUT DID YOU SEE OTHER BEINGS, GORK? INTELLIGENT BEINGS, LIKE US, POSSIBLY?

GORK SHOOK HIS HEAD. EVEN NOW, THE BLISTERS PINCHED HIS SKIN AND TOLD HIM NO LIFE, LIKE HIS, COULD ENDURE SUCH TORTURE. HE CLOSED HIS EYES...



HE THOUGHT OF TIMUT, ALONE BACK THERE IN THE SAND THAT HAD MURDERED HIM.

IF MY CALCULATIONS ARE CORRECT, GORK, THIS LANDING SITE SHOULD BE PERFECT. THE ATMOSPHERE IS LIQUIFIED...



... AND WE'LL NEED LIFE SUPPORT HELMETS...



... AND PRESSURE SUITS TO WITHSTAND THE ATMOSPHERE WEIGHT, BUT...



... I DON'T THINK WE'LL RUN INTO ANY PROBLEMS *THIS TIME*. LET'S GET READY!

AS NEAR AS I CAN DETERMINE, MAMMALIAN CREATURES COULD NEVER SURVIVE IN THIS STUFF. TOO NITROGENIC TO SUPPORT LIFE AS WE KNOW IT.

WE CAN SET UP OUR EQUIPMENT RIGHT HERE, AND TAKE A BEARING. I DON'T WANT TO SPEND ANY MORE TIME HERE THAN I HAVE TO!



NOR I! NOTHING COULD GET ME TO STAY HERE! **NOTHING!**



TROUGH HIS INTERCOM, GORK LISTENED TO VEN'S SCREAMS TRICKLE INTO SHORT GASPS OF SMOTHERED HORROR... AND THEN STOP, COMPLETELY.



FIRST, TIMUT, AND NOW, VEN! TWO ATTEMPTS: TWO FAILURES! ONE MORE WOULD BE THE END, FOR **ALL** OF THEM!



GORK WOULD FIND ANOTHER PLACE, AND TRY AGAIN! A PLACE WHERE THE GROUND WAS SOLID, WHERE THE TEMPERATURE DID NOT SCATHE HIS BODY, A PLACE TO FIND HIS WAY BACK TO HIS OWN WORLD... AND AWAY FROM A WORLD HE NOW HATED!



GORK WATCHED THE BLINKING CONTROLS ON THE PANEL DIRECTING HIS MOVEMENTS. HE ANALYZED EACH SPECK OF INFORMATION. ATMOSPHERE: HEAVY, BUT BREATHABLE. TEMPERATURE: BARELY ENDURABLE. LANDING CONDITIONS: EXCELLENT. GORK PUSHED THE BUTTON MARKED, "AUTOMATIC LAND," AND FELL BACK INTO HIS CUSHION.



I FEEL YOU, PLANET, WANTING TO KILL ME JUST LIKE THE OTHERS. BUT YOU WILL NOT! YOU CANNOT!



YOU! PLANET!
YOU HAVE TAKEN TIMUT AND VEN IN EXCHANGE FOR MY ESCAPE! IF NOT FOR OTHERS WHO MIGHT NEED TO *USE* YOU, I WOULD DESTROY YOU... **NOW!**



BUT I WILL SPARE YOU! SAVE YOU, TO BE SHUNNED BY THOSE WHO WANT ONLY TO LEAVE YOU, ONCE THEY HAVE TAKEN WHAT THEY NEEDED! YOU'VE LOST, PLANET, I'VE WON!



I'VE WON!



A BILLION MILES, AND A MILLION YEARS FROM THIS PLACE, HOPE OF EVER FINDING GORK, OR TIMUT, OR VEN CEASED TO BE. AND JUST AS *THEY* HAD CEASED TO BE WITH IT, THE GLEAMING VEHICLE THAT HAD BROUGHT THEM HERE WOULD SOON VANISH IN THE AGE OF TIME.



ONE CHANCE, IN AN INFINITY OF CHANCES, HAD LOST THEM UPON THIS PLANET. AND NOW, THIS PLANET HAD DESTROYED ALL TRACE OF THAT BLUNDER...



NOT EVEN GORK HAD THOUGHT THAT THIS USELESS PLANET, A PLACE THAT HAD MEANT ONLY PAIN TO HIM, COULD HAVE ACTUALLY SPAWNED!



A FORGOTTEN WORLD... A WORTHLESS DOT IN A UNIVERSE HARDLY AWARE OF IT. A PRISON, FIT ONLY FOR BEASTS TO INHABIT...



YES, GORK... BEASTS. MAN! UNTIL NOW, A MERE SLAVE TO HIS INSTINCTS OF IGNORANCE. UNTIL NOW, AND THE SECRET YOU GAVE TO HIM... A POOL ANIMAL UNWORTHY OF PROGRESS!



AND NOW, GORK...IT *BEGINS!*



NOW THERE'S A *BIG WHEEL* WHO'S REALLY STARTED SOMETHING SPINNING! POOR GORK, IF HE EVER SAW WHAT A FREEWAY ON FRIDAY NIGHT LOOKS LIKE, HE'D *TURN OVER* IN HIS GRAVE! ANYONE FEEL LIKE GOING *AROUND* AGAIN?



AT LAST! OWN THIS RARE SET OF PRINCE VALIANT ADVENTURE PICTURE BOOKS!

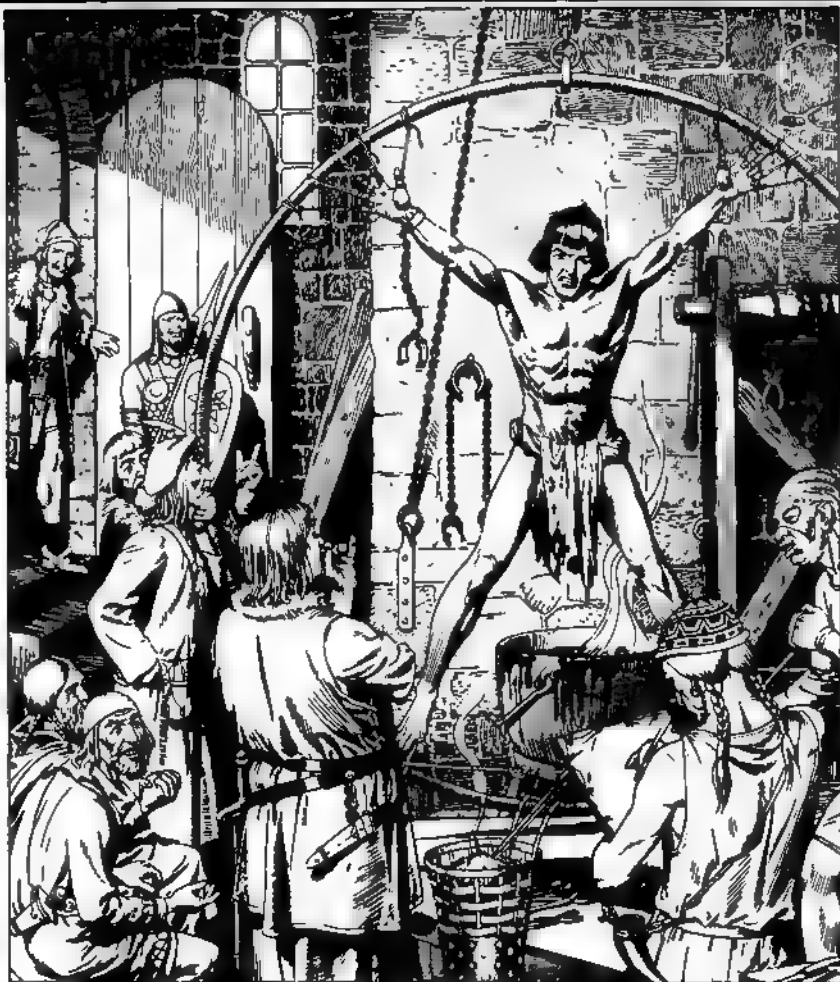
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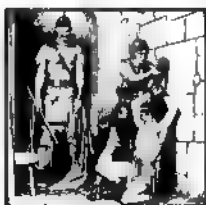
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**SOUTHERN
EXPOSURE
PART II
PROLOGUE**

ELLIOT TYSON LISTENED TO THE OLD WOMAN, HIS EARS REFUSING THE SECRET THAT MELINDA'S MOTHER HAD BEEN SUCH A THING!

SHE TOLD HIM TANVA'S AGONY WHEN SHE COULD NOT GET BLOOD TO SATISFY HER, DROVE HOWARD INTO ACTS MORE DEPRAVED THAN HER OWN.



WHEN TANVA COULD NOT FIND HER OWN PREY, HOWARD FOUND IT FOR HER! THUS HE WAS CAUGHT ONE NIGHT, THE MAD SPUTTER OF ANGRY TORCHES TOLD HIM THE TOWN FOLK WOULD SOON FIND OUT THE REST.

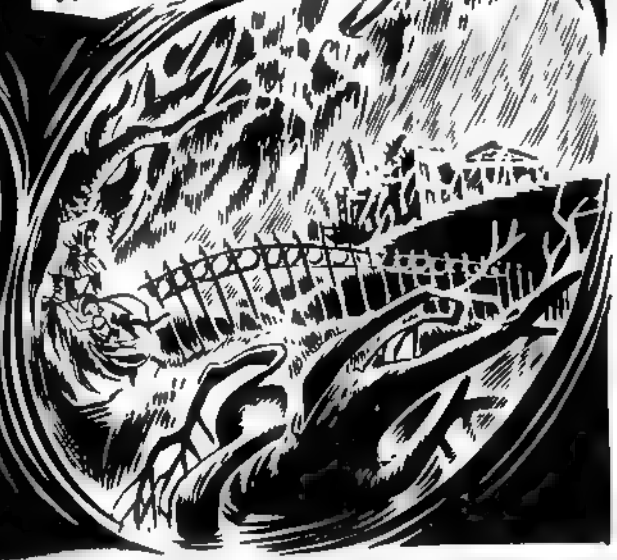
I CAN STILL HEAR THE GUNS, THE NIGHT THEY KILLED HOWARD. BY THEN IT WAS TOO LATE TO SAVE TANVA. I BARELY ESCAPED MYSELF WITH THE CHILD!

I MUST GET TO THE MANSION AND WARN THEM!



THEY DRAGGED HOWARD'S BODY INTO THE SAME ROOM IN WHICH LAY HIS WIFE--- FIRST PLUNGING A STAKE FROM THE DOOR THEY'D BATTERED, THROUGH HER HEART --- AND THEN SETTING THE PLACE ABLAZE.

I WONDERED THEN IF HER MOTHER'S CURSE WOULD DESTROY MELINDA TOO!



SLURP!... NOW THAT WE'RE BACK... SNACK PACK, YOU CAN STOP YOUR DROOLING AND START THE GRUELING CHAPTER THAT CONCLUDES OUR ENRAPTURE! IT'S A TUMMY TICKLING TWISTER, SO PUCKER YOUR SUCKERS AND SLURD UP THE REST OF MY...

SOUTHERN EXPOSURE PART II

TONIGHT MELINDA IS OF AGE, SHE'LL SOON BE A CREATURE FROM THE DAMNED! HER MOTHER'S BLOOD IS IN HER....!

DON'T LISTEN TO HER, ELLIOT... I WILL NOT BE CURSED! YOU MUST BELIEVE ME!

DO YOU DENY THAT YOUR MOTHER WAS OF THE UNDEAD? ARE YOU NOT OF HER BLOOD?

I AM MY MOTHER'S CHILD, I ADMIT IT! BUT, I AM NOT HER CURSE REINCARNATED! MY VEINS ARE NOT FILLED WITH A VAMPIRE'S CRAVING!

SINCE YOU ALREADY KNOW SO MUCH OF OUR SECRETS, ELLIOT, LET ME TELL YOU THE REST SO YOU WON'T DOUBT MY LOVE FOR YOU.

"NOT THREE MONTHS AFTER LEAVING THE UNIVERSITY, MY FATHER SAW TANYA IN THE TOWN OF HALZENBORG, AND FELL INSTANTLY IN LOVE WITH HER. HE DID NOT TELL HER..."



"BUT INSTEAD WATCHED HER IN LONGING EVERY NIGHT WHEN SHE CAME TO THE VILLAGE, HE WONDERED WHY SHE DID NOT COME MORE OFTEN..."

"AHEAD OF HIM HIDDEN IN QUVERING RIPPLES OF DARKNESS, HE LISTENED TO THE SOUND OF SOMEONE QUENCHING HARD THEIR THIRST."



"...AND WHY ONLY AT NIGHT?"

ODD... I THINK IT'S COMING FROM AROUND THIS...

A DRINKER OF DEATH!

HIS THOUGHTS ENDED, AND HIS EYES STAGGERED. RED SPLASHED WITH THE VISION OF STREAMING BLOODLETS DOWN THE PUNCTURED NECK OF ITS VICTIM. VAMPIRE!



A CREATURE OF CURSE NOT EVEN THE GRAVE OF ITS COFFIN COULD ENDURE!



TANYA!

"MY FATHER KNEW WHAT MY MOTHER WAS BEFORE HE MARRIED HER! HE **NEEDED** HER, AND NOTHING ELSE MATTERED. BOTH MY PARENTS CONTINUED LIVING IN HALZEN-BORG, UNTIL I WAS BORN, A YEAR LATER,



"IN EUROPE, **VAMPIRES** WERE A HUNTED BREED, I WAS ONLY FOUR YEARS OLD WHEN WE LEFT HALZEN-BORG FOR GOOD!



"YOU NEVER DOUBTED FATHER WHEN HE TOLD YOU TANYA WAS ILL FROM THE HEAT. DID YOU GRANDMA BEVINGER? EVEN WHEN THE **HORRIBLE MURDERS** BEGAN, YOU STILL DID NOT SUSPECT...

TERRIBLE ABOUT AGATHA SANDLER!

SEEMS OLD JEB WAINE-WRIGHT FOUND HER THIS MORNING... **MUTILATED** ALMOST BEYOND **RECOGNITION!**

SOUNDS TO ME LIKE THE DOINGS OF SOME...



...**MANIAC!**

"FATHER'S PLAN WAS **INGENIOUS!** BY PRETENDING MADNESS IN HIS CRIMES, ALWAYS LEAVING ENOUGH **BLOOD** WHEN TANYA WAS **FINISHED**, HE FORGED THE IMPRESSION OF MURDER BY A **LUNATIC... NOT A VAMPIRE!**

"FINALLY A TOWN CHOKED IN FEAR, DISCOVERED THEIR MURDERER... AND HUNTED HIM DOWN LIKE AN **ANIMAL!**

"I WATCHED MY FATHER'S **LIFE SPILL** INTO THE GROUND AND FROM THE WINDOW, I SAW AND FELT ONLY... **HATE!**

LET'S FIND OUT WHAT **ELSE** THIS PLACE IS HIDING!

BREAK THE DOOR DOWN!

BURN THE MURDERERS OUT!

BAM!



EVEN THOUGH SHE KNEW BY THEN WHAT MY MOTHER WAS, GRANDMA GABRIEL KEPT **SKENT**. SHE KNEW TELLING WOULD ONLY BETRAY HER SON!



DIDN'T YOU **REALIZE** THAT TANNY'S SICKNESS WOULD EVENTUALLY DO THAT **ANYWAYS!** HAD I ONLY KNOWN...

* I THOUGHT AT FIRST MY NIECE WALKED IN SLEEPING, BUT SHE WAS SO COMPLETELY **POSSESSED** EVEN THE CALL OF HER NAME COULD NOT WAKEN HER. IT BEGAN AFTER HER SEVENTEENTH BIRTHDAY...



* AND CONTINUED THEREAFTER EACH YEAR, MORE **VIOLENTLY** WITH EACH PASSING DAY.



DON'T YOU SEE, ELLIOT... FOR HER OWN **GOOD!** MELINDA MUST BE **DESTROYED!** OR SHALL WE WAIT TO DAMN HER TO HER MOTHER'S FATE!

NO!
NO! NNNNNN



NO! IT CAN'T
HAPPEN, ELLIOT!
I'LL PROVE THAT
THE CURSE
HAS BEEN
BROKEN!

A WARNING,
MELINDA! THE
HOUR IS OVER,
BUT NOT YET
THIS NIGHT!

BUT MIDNIGHT
MEANT THE
END OF HER
TWENTY FIRST
BIRTHDAY...
AND
MELINDA
KNEW
SHE
WOULD
NEVER
BECOME
A
VAMPIRE!

BONG! BONG! BONG! BONG!
BONG! BONG! BONG! BONG!



BONG! BONG! BONG! BONG!



LOOK,
ELLIOT! THE
MIRROR TELLS
YOU MY REFLECTION
IS REAL! AND
IN THE MORNING,
MY BODY WILL
NOT TURN
TO DUST!

YOU SEE ELLIOT... THERE WAS A
CURSE! I KNOW NOW THAT MY
FATHER WAS FORCED TO LEAVE
THE UNIVERSITY, HE HAD NO
OTHER CHOICE.

"HE NEVER REMAINED
IN ANY TOWN LONGER
IN A FEW MONTHS
THAN A WORD OF HIM WAS
AFTER WORD OF HIM WAS
LOST, WHEN HE CAME TO HALZENBORG,
HE FELT SOMETHING HIDDEN IN ITS
SECRETS, SOMETHING...
EVIL!"



SOMETHING THAT
WANTED HIM TO
STAY!

MY FATHER KNEW THAT MY MOTHER MUST HUNT TO SATISFY THE **CRAWINGS** THAT POSSESSED HER! HE REALIZED ALSO, THAT THE BLOOD IN HER VEINS FLOWED THROUGH **MINE** AS WELL!

BLOOD THAT FORCED MY MOTHER INTO HIDEOUS DEEDS OF **MURDER!** BLOOD THAT DROVE BOTH MY PARENTS TO **DESTRUCTION...** **TAINTED BLOOD!**

"POISONED NOT **ONLY** WITH **VAMPIRISM...** BUT WITH THE MADNESS OF MY **FATHERS** DOOM! WHY **ELSE** HAD HE MARRIED A **CREATURE OF DEATH?**



"WHO ELSE, BUT A **VAMPIRE** WOULD HAVE **LOVED** HIM FOR WHAT HE WAS ?

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN MY MOTHER'S CURSE WOULD **NEVER** AFFECT ME! EVERYONE'S ALWAYS TOLD ME HOW MUCH I TAKE AFTER MY **FATHER!**



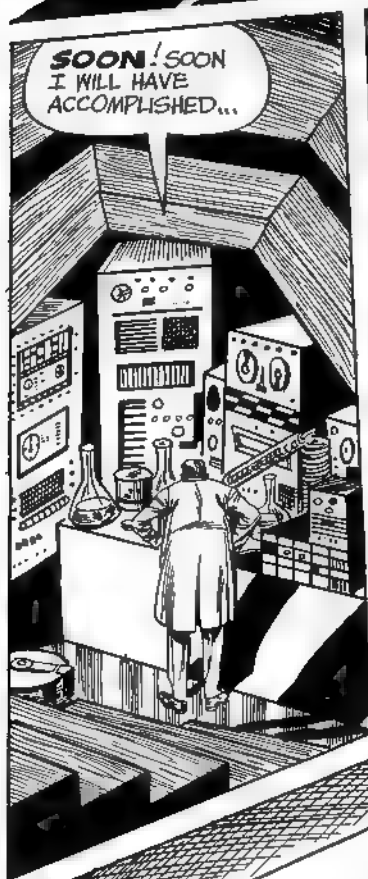
THE VERY END

HAVING TROUBLE **WOLFING** THAT ENDING DOWN, **GULP GROUP?** SEEMS HAIRY HOWARD DRANK HIMSELF INTO A BRISTLING SITUATION! NOW THAT OUR LYCANTHROPIC LADY HAS LET DOWN HER **HAIR** ABOUT IT, DO YOU THINK ELLIOT WILL TURN OUT TO BE **HALF** THE MAN HER FATHER WAS? THEN HE COULD DO ALL THE HOWLING ... **HHHOOOWWOODOO!!**



IT IS SOMETIME **NOW!** THE WINDS OVER **BEACON HILL** ECHO MELODIC CHANTS OF A HIDDEN - PRECIOUS PAST. A PAST CHERISHED BY THE WORLD AS THE BIRTHPLACE OF **MEN OF GENIUS**. POETS, ARTISTS, PHILOSOPHERS. WHAT IS IT THE SAY ABOUT **GENIUS?** THAT IT IS NEXT TO **MADNESS?** ONE MAN... A SCIENTIST, A WIZARD AT HIS CRAFT.... IS ABOUT TO FIND OUT!

IN THE NECK OF TIME




LONG NIGHTS, ENDLESS HOURS, FOR HIS FELLOW MAN. HIS WORK WILL TAKE THEM OUT OF THEIR MISERY...THEIR CONFLICTS. BY SHOWING THEM...THE FUTURE! BUT WHAT IF...JUST FOR A BRIEF SECOND, THE HOURS OF SOLITUDE, OF SENSORY DEPRIVATION, TOOK THEIR...**TOLL!**

DID **THEY** HELP **ME** WHEN I NEEDED IT? DID **THEY** GIVE **ME** THE MORAL SUPPORT I SO BADLY NEEDED?

BUT WHY? WHY SHOULD **THEY**-WHO HAVE SCORNED ME - MOCKED ME AT EVERY TURN... WHY SHOULD **THEY** BENEFIT FROM MY WORK?

NO!
AND NOW DAMN THEM ALL! THIS IS MINE... **ALL MINE!** IT IS TIME FOR ME TO LIVE!

WITH THIS WARP REFLECTOR I NEED ONLY TRAVERSE TIME ITSELF FOR **RICHES!** TREASURES SUCH I HAVE NEVER KNOWN! IN TIME I SHALL **STUN** THE PEASANTS... OF ANY ERA...**BUT WAIT...**



CAN I FIND IT?
HERE AMONGST THE
REMAINS OF MY LATE
BROTHER'S TWISTED
MIND LIES ...

....A **MASTERPIECE**! MY
BROTHER MAY HAVE BEEN **INSANE**!
BUT HIS INFATUATION WITH WEAPONRY
SHALL BE MY WAY TO FORTUNE, WITH
THIS STUN-PARALYZER RAY OF
HIS I CAN BLEED BLIND...

... THE
PAST!

I AM BACK ... IN TIME ! I'VE MADE IT,
AND AS PLANNED, THE WARP-REFLECTOR
IS INVISIBLE TO THE HUMAN EYE ! HAH !
AN AMUSING THOUGHT HAS JUST
STRUCK ME ... LIKE MARK TWAIN'S
CONNECTICUT YANKEE ... I COULD
RULE !



... BUT I SHALL CONTENT MYSELF
WITH SIMPLE **RICHES !** AHA ...
MY FIRST VICTIMS ... THEY SHALL
PROVE AN EXCELLENT TEST OF
MY NEW BORNE POWER ...



OH MY GOD !
THIS IS **TOO** BEAUTIFUL ...
DID YOU SEE THE LOOK
ON THEIR FACES ?





IT IS BEAUTIFUL, MARTIN BRUMMEL, SICKENING - BUT BEAUTIFUL ! YOU'VE CONQUERED YOUR HEART'S DESIRE! BUT DON'T LAUGH TOO HARD... REMEMBER...YOU'VE ONLY ONE WEEK...BEFORE THAT GIZMO OF YOURS YANKS YOU BACK TO THE PRESENT...ALONG WITH ALL THOSE SO CALLED RICHES OF YOURS.



HAVE FUN NOW MARTIN, YOU MAY NEVER GET A-NOTHER CHANCE - THAT SOUND LIKE A THREAT OLD BOY, HAH HAH... TURN THE PAGE AND YOU'LL SEE WHAT WE MEAN !

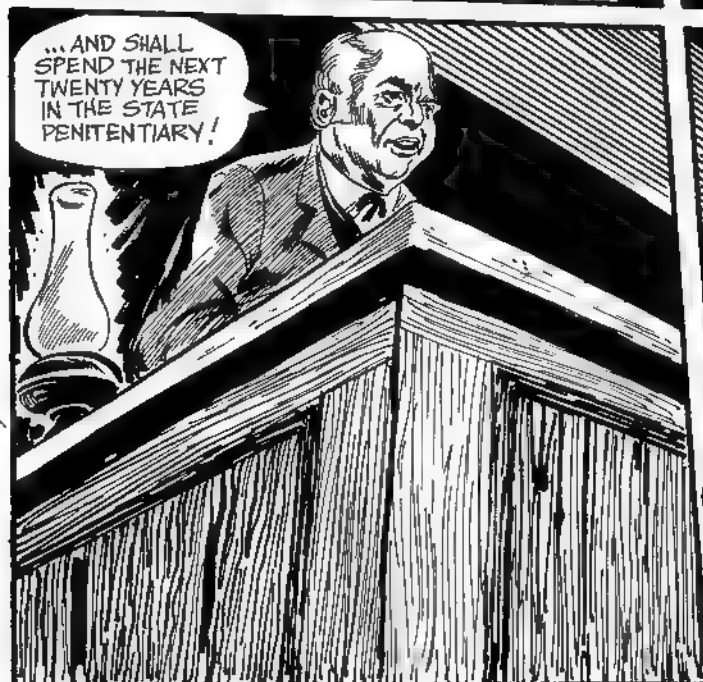




HOLD UP THERE! YOU'RE
GOING TO SEE JUST WHAT
IT MEANS TO TANGLE
WI... OH LORD!



A TRAP... THEY'VE BEEN WAITING... LAYING FOR ME!
MY PARALIZER GUN, THE... TRANSISTORS ... MUST BE
DEAD... USELESS! I AM **DEFENSELESS!**



... AND SHALL
SPEND THE NEXT
TWENTY YEARS
IN THE STATE
PENITENTIARY!



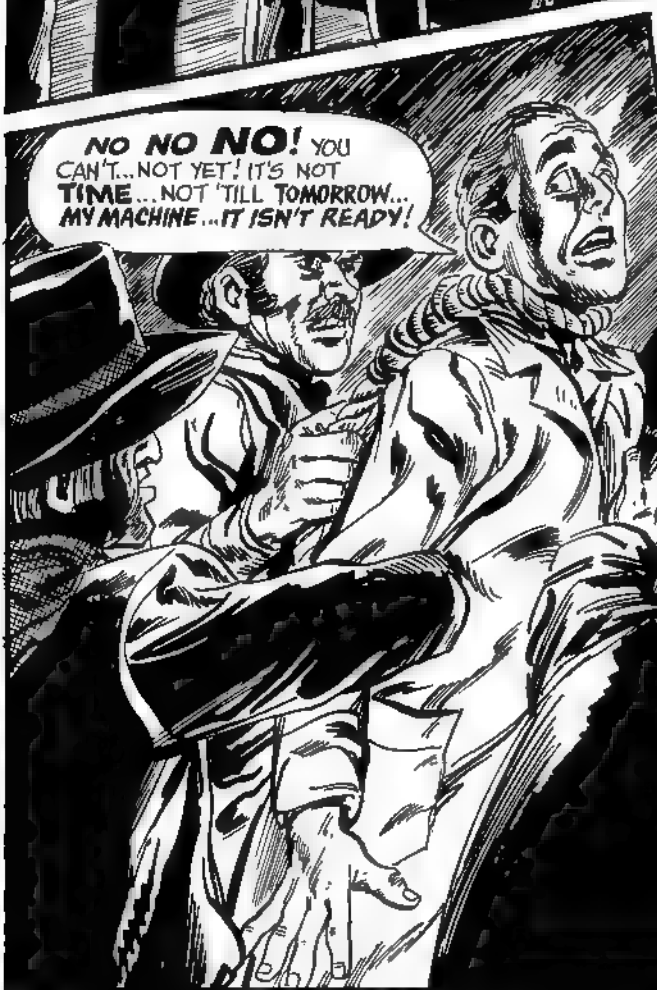


IF THE JUDGE
DON'T GIT YA..
WE WILL!

YOU'LL NEVER
MAKE IT TO JAIL!
SWINE!



WE'LL
HANG 'IM
FIRST...GET
'IM BOYS!



NO NO NO! YOU
CAN'T...NOT YET! IT'S NOT
TIME...NOT 'TILL TOMORROW...
MY MACHINE...IT ISN'T READY!



BUT MARTIN BRUNNELL'S MACHINE WAS
READY! AND TOOK HIM RIGHT BACK TO
WHERE HE WANTED TO GO... HIS OWN
HOUSE 'N THE PRESENT! BUT WHAT'S
THIS? HIS HOUSE IN RUINS? ²WAAH!
SEEMS MARTIN, IN HIS BIG RUSH FOR
FORTUNE, FORGOT TO TURN OFF ALL THE
POWER IN THAT LAB OF HIS... AND WITH
NO ONE TO TEND IT... WHY IT JUST
BURNED OUT AND STARTED A FIRE!
AND YOU KNOW HOW THOSE OLD HOUSES
BURN... LIKE A BRONC WITH A ROPE
AROUND ITS NECK! NEN! NEN! NEN!



THE
END

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If you love GIANT SUPER PIN-UPS, send for these great goodies! The Frankenstein Poster (left) is a full 6 feet tall, for only \$2. All the rest of the posters on this page are 3½ feet by 2½ feet, for only \$1 each. All posters printed on heavy paper—perfect for any wall in your house!



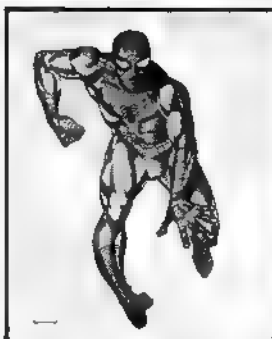
KING KONG



BORIS KARLOFF



THE HULK



SPIDERMAN



LEONARD NIMOY (STAR TREK)



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DRACULA (LUGOSI)



BRIGITTE BARDOT



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Pin-ups



EERIE FANT FARE

If you enjoyed the story "In The Neck of Time" (this issue), you might enjoy knowing a bit more about the writer, Al Hewetson...

Anyone walking down 59th Street in New York City at six o'clock in the morning, might see Al Hewetson sitting in a little restaurant. He'll be working above the din and clatter of the morning wipe-up finishing some bizarre script we've asked for at the last minute.



Al Hewetson works like a bear to finish a script on schedule.

Al won't notice you. He'll be oblivious to the comings and goings of curious passersby who peek over his shoulder to grab a closer look at the odd scribbles on paneled paper. He'll ignore the dawn, too, as it puts dozens of hungry workers onto the breakfast stools for their morning constitution. And, as the bustling and jostling reaches a shocking level, Al will stretch his legs for a walk to Central Park where he'll put the final touches on the evening's labor of love.

A former newsman, Al remembers working in the midst of screaming and ranting fellow workers all worrying about deadlines and re-writes. "I got into the habit," he says, "like all newsmen, of detaching myself from the immediate surroundings to plod along by myself."

Al, now in his middle twenties, went to live in Canada at the age of nine. His family moved there from Scotland. In high school, he became interested in photography. His interest was so great, he became president of the school's camera club. He says, "when I looked for a summer job, it was only natural for me to turn to photography. So I became junior darkroom technician for the local newspaper."

When he graduated from high school, he joined the staff of the Sudbury Star as darkroom man. Before long, he came out of the darkroom and was made a full-fledged news photographer. After a period with the Star, Al moved to Ottawa, the capitol of Canada, to join the staff of the Ottawa Journal. Later, during Canada's EXPO year, he went to Montreal to work on the Montreal Gazette. Eventually, he worked for EXPO itself.

It was while working for EXPO that Al Hewetson discovered he had a talent for writing. He did feature writing for the fair, and some promotional work for a local theater group he had joined as an actor. Later he opened his own commercial advertising and promotion studio with a friend.

"It was probably in this position," suggests Al, "that some of my ideas of graphic illustration were modified. I was forced to use my own imagination for the first time in both writing and layout."

Recently, Al spent six months in New York working as Stan Lee's assistant on the Marvel Comics Group. During that time, he turned to serious feature writing and has been quite successful with it. Naturally, you'll see more of his writing in EERIE. And in CREEPY and VAMPIRELLA, too.

Al lives in Ottawa again, with his wife, Julie. But he takes monthly trips to New York (always during the full moon, we've noticed!) to drop in to see us. He says he's looking for fan mail to see if his efforts are appreciated.

Some of our readers are pretty good writers, too. Mark Aubry of Los Angeles wrote this story.



We received the above drawing from a fan—who forgot to include his name or address. But we think it's good enough to print anyway! Don't you?

DEATH AFTER DARK

In a small town once called Porterville, the population began decreasing ever so slowly.

A horrible beast was stalking the town. It kept up its horrible work for years. Then the city fathers ordered everyone in town not to venture into the streets after 7:00 P.M.

One hot summer night, everyone was at home with their doors and windows bolted. Except two boys, Mike and Roger, who decided it was too hot to stay indoors and went out for a walk. They weren't afraid of any beast no one had ever seen.

The boys talked and laughed together as they wandered through the deserted streets. As they passed Roger's house, his

father came out and called to him. As Roger said good night, Mike noticed hair on his hands and face. "Maybe he's the beast everyone is talking about," thought Mike. At that instant, Roger turned abruptly, his hideous face and claws shining in the dark. Then a strange thing happened.

Roger started laughing.

"How do you like my mask and fake claws?" he said. "I got them at the magic shop."

"I don't like them at all," answered Mike. I don't like people who impersonate scary beasts."

With that, Mike's hands became cluttered with hair. He grew fangs. And claws. "Especially when the real beast is me!" he said.

Roger barely had time to scream.

Mark Hatfield is at it again!
Here is the latest from our
creative fan in Chicagoland.

THREE FEET FROM EXIT FOUR

It was a four-sided cage of terror. Windle stood fatuously in a state of helplessness in a seemingly transcendental room. Awakened from his unconscious state, he noticed that he was the lone denizen of the room.

"Windle Norton, I have finally succeeded in capturing you as I said I would," rang a voice with an unmistakable spirit of triumph in it.

Windle knew the voice well. It belonged to his brother. Windle had always argued with his younger brother. Ever since he could remember. But this was the first time his brother had displayed a deep aversion to him.

Windle was terrified by the voice. He sensed that his brother had escaped from the institution he had been sent to. And that he had just one thing on his mind. Revenge.

"Wait! Don't do this, Jack. You'll be punished for it," screamed Windle.

"My name isn't Jack," answered the demented voice.

By this time, Windle knew his brother was hopelessly insane and totally bent on his destruction.

"Windle, I'm going to give you a chance. Which is more than you've ever done for anyone. If you can find your way out of the maze you're in, you'll go free. But let me warn you, there is only one exit in that room that leads to freedom. All the other doors lead to dead ends in which you'll be trapped."

Desperately, Windle tried to formulate a plan. But his mind was reeling from the hunger pangs he felt. He knew it was impossible to reason with his brother. So he raised himself on wobbly legs to survey the situation. He tried to select the door that looked least hazardous. But he realized his brother would have tried to disguise the right exit in an effort to confuse him. With that in mind, he headed for the most hazardous-looking door.

"I wouldn't take that exit, Windle," said the voice. "Don't take exit four! Take the one that looks easy!"

But Windle wasn't about to be fooled by the coaxing voice.

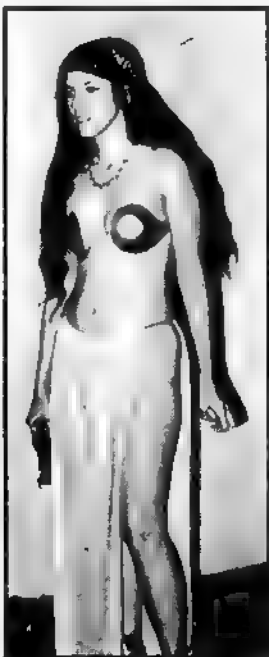
"Very well, Windle. You have made your choice," taunted the voice as Windle was swallowed up in the darkness of the hallway beyond the door.

Windle could dimly see the odd little games being played by the vermin in the tunnel-like hallway. At one point, he

MYSTERY GIRL



Somewhere between Nefera's tomb and St. Louis, she lost her fancy headdress. Maybe she fed it to the cat.



Remember the girl on the Frazetta cover of EERIE 23? In case you were wondering if the cat ever got her, stop wondering. She appeared (photo, right) at the Masquerade Ball of the World Science Fiction Convention in St. Louis, held Labor Day weekend, 1969. We got her picture, but we didn't get her name. If you know who she is, let us hear from you.

came to a cave of enormous size. He rested there for a minute. But the horrifying question of escape urged him on. His senses were numb as he proceeded down the tunnel.

For three agonizing days Windle fought his way through the half-darkness. His only food was the disgusting vermin, which was also his dreaded enemy.

Now Windle, abased and exhausted, saw something ahead. A light! He stumbled his way toward it in great ecstasy. He didn't notice the derisive laughter that filled the tunnel.

As he turned a corner, a massive tidal wave of unearthly light hit him unmercifully in the face. Then he felt a strange sensation. A weird crawling feeling kept galling him.

Just five more feet and he'd be safe. Five feet . . . four and a half feet . . . four feet . . . three feet. Suddenly, an agonizing pain. The pain was excruciating, but the terror that came with it was much worse. His brother had won.

"You made your choice, Windle. I told you this was the wrong door." With these last words, the voice trailed off. And there, three feet from exit four lay a skeleton

that was once Windle Norton. Before the vermin took back what was once theirs.

Out in Swifton, Iowa, a fan named Dennis Goza claims that he has visited the Red Planet. Who are we to argue? It makes a good story. He calls it

TRAITOR'S REWARD

Mars is often referred to as the "red planet." Just a name, you say? Perhaps. But I am inclined to believe differently. In fact, I became convinced on my last visit there.

I cannot truthfully say I ever liked the planet. Its natives are bloodthirsty and warlike as the Roman god whose name the planet has been given. Despite my own low regard for the place, however, I have been forced by the call of duty to go there from time to time.

On Mars, it is the custom for everyone, including women and children, to engage in battle whenever necessary. Even guests are not excluded from the local customs.

When the supreme chieftan of the North discovered my presence on the red planet, he called upon me to

lend my renowned battle techniques to help him conquer his arch-enemy. I went along with his demand, knowing I would pay with my life for refusal. It was my intention to avoid as much direct action as possible. My scheme was to no avail, though, for I was soon captured by the enemy.

At the camp to which I was taken, I met and fell in love with the beautiful daughter of the King. Though I had fought against her father, she helped me escape and asked for my loyalty to her people.

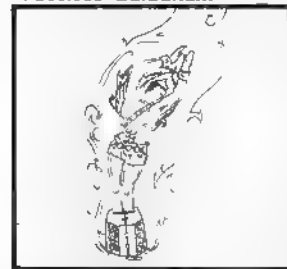
Unknowningly, I fled to the site of the next battle where I devised a surprise weapon, a premeditated avalanche. As the two armies rushed onto the scene, I unleashed a volley on the enemy. Upon my retreat, I was received by a small party and taken to await my just reward.

And now I must prepare to depart. A guard will soon be here to escort me to my destination. My only regret is that I have killed so many people. But I am comforted in knowing that it was done to save others.

Accept the words of one who knows: This planet was undoubtedly nicknamed by one who has been in a position similar to my own.

NO FACE?

Steven Muhmel of Rapid City, S.D. calls this character (top & bottom drawings) the "Faceless Barbarian."



Nothing but silver bullets can hurt this man.

Then why is this man smiling?



TWO PAGES OF FANFARE?

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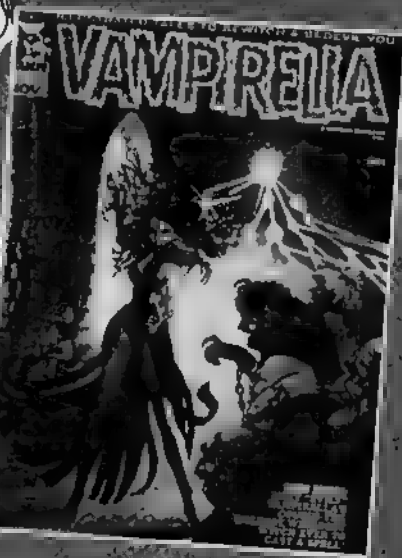
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THEY HIDE IN THE CORNERS OF YOUR ROOM AND UNDER YOUR FLOOR AND OUT IN THE YARD AND JUST ABOUT **EVERYWHERE!** THERE ARE **BILLIONS** OF THEM IS JUST A FEW SQUARE MILES. WHAT WILL YOU BE DOING ON THE DAY THE **CALL** GOES OUT THAT...

SPIDERS ARE REVOLTING!

THE WEB!
THE WEB!

HERE HE IS
DR. SHAPIRO
HE SCREAMED
WHEN THE LIGHT
WENT ON, BUT
HE HASN'T
MOVED SINCE

THANK YOU, WILLIS,
MAY I HAVE A
CHAIR IN HERE,
PLEASE.

SHADOW!
...TURN-
TURN OFF
L-LIGHT!

NOW,
ELLIOT,
WHAT ARE
YOU SO
FRIGHTENED
OF?



... ON THE DAY WE MOVED INTO THE OLD HOUSE IN COOS BAY, IT WAS OUR FIRST HOME AND OUR **LAST!** WE'D CONSIDERED OURSELVES **LUCKY** TO HAVE BEEN AT THE AUCTION WHEN THE HOUSE AND **ALL IT CONTAINED** WAS SOLD.

ON BILL!
OUR OWN
HOME!

IT WAS LATE IN THE AFTERNOON OF OUR FIRST DAY WHEN JEANNE WENT UP TO THE ATTIC...

EEEEEEK! OH NO!

GOOD LORD!

I COULD SCARCELY BELIEVE WHAT I SAW! SPIDERS! THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF SPIDERS! THEIR TINY JEWEL-EYES GLINTED IN THE DARK.

CHOKE!

LATER-
DOWN-
STAIRS
I TRIED
TO CALM
HER...

OH, BILL
IT WAS SO...
GASP!

DON'T WORRY, DEAR,
I'LL CALL THE
EXTERMINATORS
IN THE MORNING!

THAT NIGHT, I COULDN'T SLEEP...

BECAUSE I COULD HEAR THEM, SO MANY THOUSANDS OF SPIDERS I COULD ACTUALLY HEAR THEM CRAWLING ABOUT

THAT AFTERNOON...

WE'VE LOOKED ALL OVER THE HOUSE, MR. ELLIOT, BUT THEY SEEM TO HAVE GONE!

THEY DO THAT A LOT LATELY, MIGRATING OR SOMETHING, I SUPPOSE,

WELL, THANK GOD THEY'VE GONE FROM HERE!



BUT THAT NIGHT, AS WE SLEPT PEACEFULLY UPSTAIRS...



GHAAAA!
AAAA!
HELP!

HEY!
WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN THERE?



I HEARD THE SCREAMS...

BUT WHAT HAD KILLED HIM?

I FELT A NAMELESS FEAR. I KNEW I COULDN'T GO DOWN THOSE STAIRS... AND I COULDN'T SEE WHAT MUST HAVE BEEN HAPPENING.



I CALLED THE POLICE...

YEAH WE SEE WHERE HE GOT IN.

BUT HE MUST'VE BEEN OKAY ENOUGH TO CRAWL OUT!

AT ANY RATE HE AIN'T HERE!

THANK YOU, OFFICER

LATER THAT SAME WEEK, AS WE PREPARED TO GO OUT... I GUESS MY EYES FOOLED ME!

WHUMP!
WHUMP!
WHUMP!

THAT'S ODD! I'M NOT EXPECTING ANYONE... ARE YOU?

NO, I'M NOT.

ALL RIGHT!
I'M COMING!



CLICK!



SSSWEEB HAVVVE COMME BACKSSS...
WEE NEEDED BODIESSSSS...

BODIESSS... SWEEB NEED NEW
BODIESSS... THE EGGSS HAVE
HATCHEDSSS....

WHAT
THE
HELL?



ITS VOICE WAS UNEARTHLY, LIKE A SPEAKING WIND.



BODIESSS...

GET OUT
THE BACK
WAY!

OH I ONLY KNEW IT WASN'T
HUMAN...

OH DEAR
LORD!

I THOUGHT
THERE
WAS ONLY
ONE THING
I COULD
DO...
BURN
THE
HOUSE
DOWN AT
ONCE,
ALONG
WITH THE
EVIL
THAT
INFESTED
IT.

BILL!
OH, BILL...
DID YOU
HAVE TO?

IF I HADN'T
THAT THING
INSIDE WOULD
HAVE SPREAD...
GROWN!!

WE FLED TO THE MOUNTAINS
AND LIVED IN THE CABIN
OF A FRIEND. OUR NEXT
STEPS WERE STILL A
MYSTERY.

ONE NIGHT AFTER
WE HAD BEEN THERE
MORE THAN A
MONTH...

GET INTO
THE BEDROOM,
JEANNE!!

THUD!
THUD!
THUD!

WRRRAH!

YOU WALKING VERMIN-
FILLED OBSCENITY!

WHAT DO YOU
WANT WITH US?!

YOURRRR BODIES!
YOU KNOW WHAT WE
ARE... AND YOU MUSSST
BE DESTROYED!!

WE HAVE TAKEN MANY
OTHERS... AND WE WILL
TAKE YOU! YOU CANN SEE
WE HAVE IMPROVED OUR
DISGUISE.

WE WILL
INFILTRATE ALL
OF HUMAN
SOCIETY -- AND YOU
WILL BE NO MORE!

WE REPAIRED THE WOUND
WITH SSSILK, SOON WE
WON'T NEED TO HIDE OUR
IDENTITY!

I SHOVED THE BLAZING THING OUT
THE CABIN DOOR AND WATCHED
WHILE IT BURNED!

WE ARE
IN THE
TRILLION...

WE WILL
WIN!!

NEVER! YOU ARE
ARTIFICIAL! WE
ARE REAL!

LATER... IT SEEMED LIKE HOURS... I WENT INTO JEANNE.



JEANNE—
WAKE UP!
IT'S OVER.
IT'S DEAD!



JEAN!



JEAN!



WAAAAAHHHHH!

MY MIND
WENT WHITE
WITH
HORROR
AND I
RAN...
RAN
FROM
WHAT MY
WIFE
HAD
BECOME.



HUMAN— HUMAN,
COME
S BANG

I LOOKED BACK ONLY ONCE, AND SHE... NO... THEY WERE FOLLOWING!

AND ALL ABOUT ME, SPIDERS
WERE WATCHING ME,
WATCHING! I HAD ONLY A
LITTLE MONEY WITH ME,
AND I GOT A BUS FOR
MEDFORD... I THOUGHT THEY
COULDN'T TRY ANYTHING
THERE.

MEDF
CITY LIN

I STILL RAN... EVEN IN
THE TOWN...



DIE,
SPIDER,
DIE!



SSCREEE! BUMP!

SEE!
SEE!



HOLD IT
BUDDY!





NO!
NOT
ME!

BUT WHEN THE OFFICIALS CAME, THE
COP'S BODY WAS **GONE**, THEY DIDN'T
BELIEVE ME -- THE PEOPLE ON THE
STREET THOUGHT IT WAS A HOAX... AND...
AND I WAS BROUGHT HERE, I'VE SAID
NOTHING SINCE -- THE **SPIDERS** MIGHT
FIND ME!

OH **WE**
BELIEVE HIM...
DON'T WE,
WILLIS?

YOU **BELIEVE**
ME...
DON'T YOU?

WHY
OF
COURSE!

WE
BELIEVE
YOU!



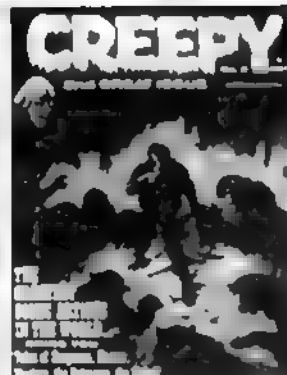
NO!

END

THAT OUGHTA MAKE YOUR SKIN CRAWL! IN FACT IT'LL MAKE IT GET
UP AND WALK **AWAY!** SCUTTLE ALONG WITH ME, ARACHNID AMIGOS,
TO MY NEXT **WEB** OF WITTY WITCHCRAFT...



Collector's Edition #1



Second Great Issue #2



Thrilling Issue #3



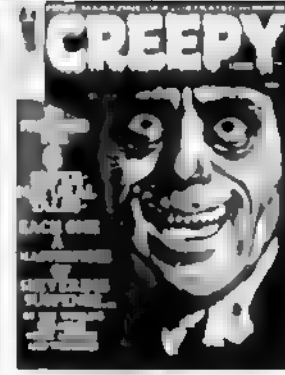
Fantastic Issue #4



Fantastic Issue #5



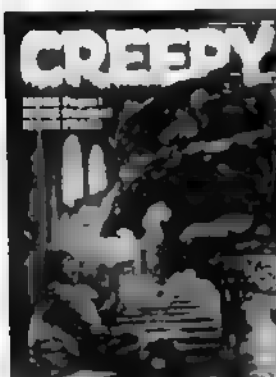
Thrilling Issue #27



Screaming Issue #26



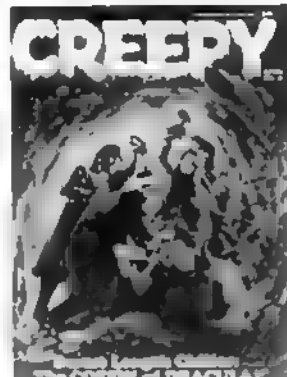
1968 Yearbook



Shocking Issue #6



Screaming Issue #7



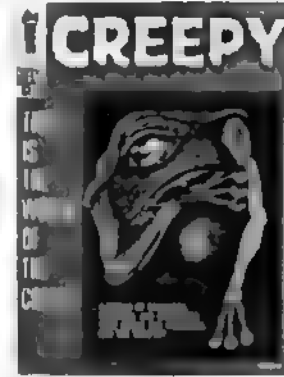
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Haunting Issue #9



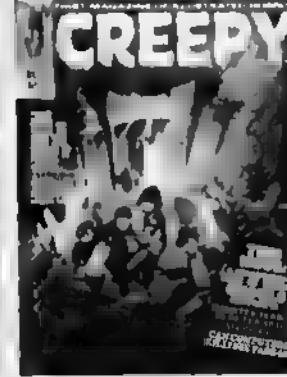
Tinging Issue #10



Wild Issue #28



Screaming Issue #29



Thrilling Issue #23



Howling Issue #11



Trembling Issue #12



Throbbing Issue #13



Fearful Issue #14



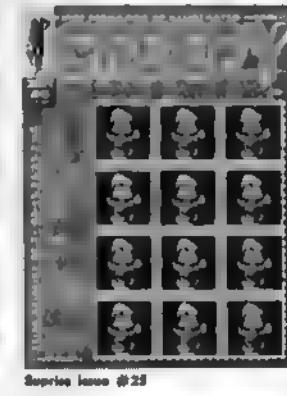
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Fantastic Issue #23



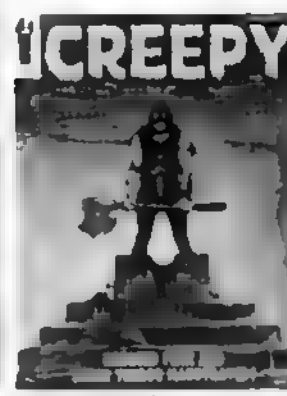
Incredible Issue #24



Surprise Issue #25



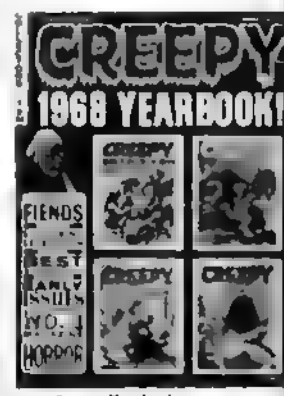
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Shivering Issue #17



Incredible Issue #18



Creepy Yearbook



Thrilling Issue #19

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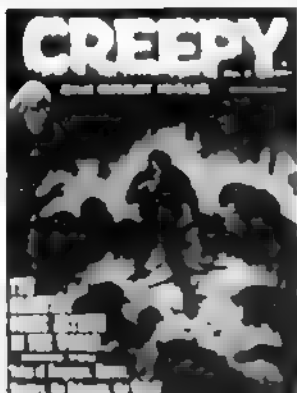
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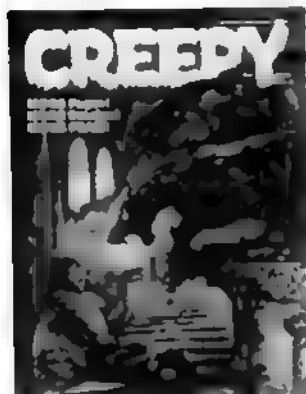
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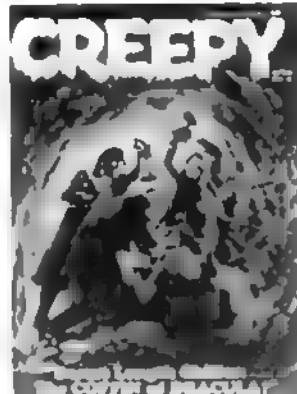
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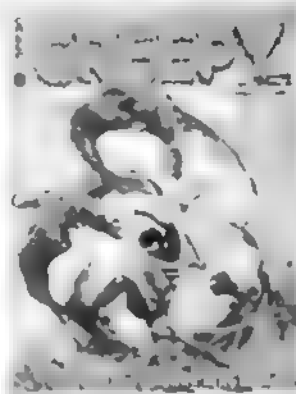
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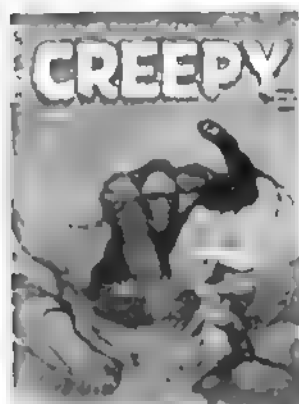
Screaming Issue #7



Jolting Issue #8



Howling Issue #9



Howling Issue #11



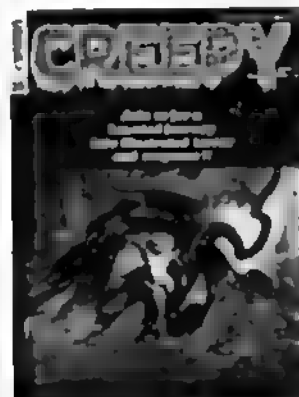
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Thrilling Issue #12



Fearful Issue #14



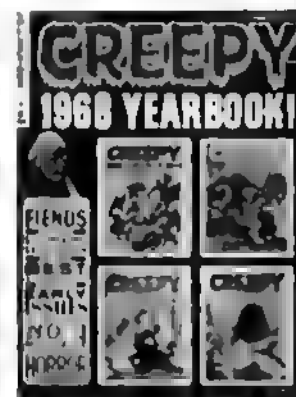
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Incredible Issue #18



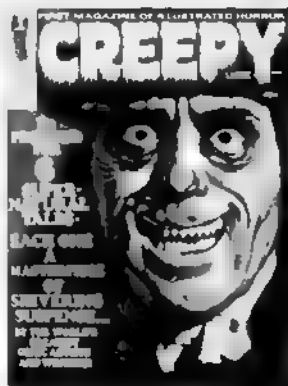
Creepy Yearbook



Fiendish Issue #5



Thrilling Issue #27



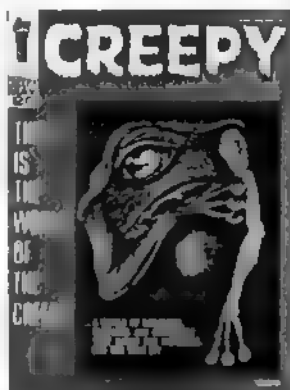
Screaming Issue #26



1969 Yearbook



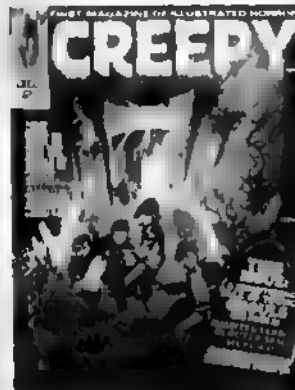
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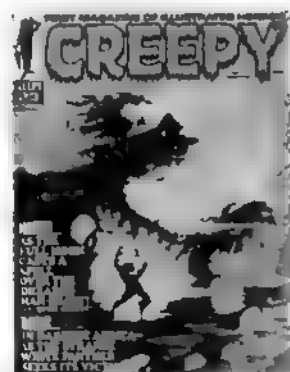
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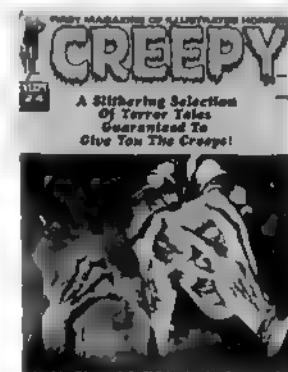
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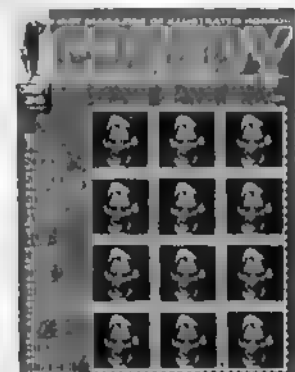
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PROLOGUE: IT WAS LATE SPRING. ZEB WITNEY DIDN'T APPRECIATE WORKING IN THE FIELDS FOR TOO MANY HOURS. BABY-LOU WAS STILL SULKING FROM THE BEATING HER MOTHER HAD GIVEN HER AND WASN'T MUCH COMPANY, BUT EVEN THROUGH THE FROSTY EVENING AIR, ZEB FELT COMPELLED TO TALK.

THEM CROWS GET WORSE EVERY YEAR. AIN'T MUCH FOOD FER THEM TO COME BY HONESTLY SO'S THEY GOT TA LIVE OFF US! WE'RE GONNA FIX 'EM WITH THIS SCARECROW. SOON AS I GET THIS FRAME NAILED UP, AN' TAILOR HIM UP WITH SOME FINE DUDS.

SHE HATES ME PAW!

APLOOLOOSEE? NO, ANYWAY, SOME INDIAN TRIBE WITH A NAME LIKE THAT USED TO LIVE 'ROUND HERE AND RIGHT HERE WAS THEIR SACRED BURIAL GROUND. I GUESS THAT SORT OF MAKES US TRESPASSERS.

PAW, I SAID SHE HATES ME!

I HEAR YOU, CHILD. I KNOW YOU DON'T MEAN LINDA. JUST 'CAUSE LINDA'S YOUR STEP-MAW, DON'T MEAN THAT SHE DON'T LOVE YA AS MUCH AS YOUR REAL MAW WOULD HAVE. I DON'T WANT TO HEAR NO MORE OF THAT TALK, HEAR?

YES, PAW, I HEAR!

THERE! LOOKS GOOD, DON'T HE? ARE YA COMING WITH ME FOR SUPPER, BABY-LOU?

YOU GO AHEAD, PAW AN' I'LL BE IN SOON. I WANT TO TALK TO MR. WILLOUGHBY, THE SCARECROW.

IS THAT DAUGHTER OF YOURS STILL OUT IN THE CORNFIELD? I'M GOING TO FETCH HER NOW AND TAN HER HIDE FOR BEING LATE!

YAAAAH!!!

LINDA!

HERE WE GO — HOE-DOWNERS,
FOR A HORRIFYING HOOP-DEE-DO
THAT'S SURE TO PLANT SOME
STALKING FEAR IN YOUR
GARDENS! RIGHT NOW YOUR
BEST FRIEND IS...

THE SCARECROW

NO ONE CAME TO
THE STATION THAT DAY
EXCEPT FOR ZEB. WHEN
HE WENT TO THE
STATIONMASTER'S
WINDOW TO CHECK THE
SCHEDULES, THE OLD
MAN BEHIND THE WINDOW
SAID: "SHE'S COMING
TODAY?" AND ZEB
NODDED AND ANSWERED:
"IT'S BEEN SIX
YEARS."



PAW? OH, PAW
YOU'VE GROWN
SO OLD.

YEAH, BUT NOT YOU
BABY-LOU. YOU'RE SO
YOUNG AN' PRETTY IT
WILL BE A PLEASURE
JES TA LOOK AT
YOU ALL DAY
LONG.



FOR MOST OF THE JOURNEY, THEY RIDE LISTENING ONLY TO THE OLD CAR. IT WAS NOT A HAPPY HOMECOMING. THEN ZEB SPOKE.

THE FARM'S A BIT RUNDOWN. I'VE WORKED HARD AN' THE CROWS HAVE KEPT AWAY FROM THE CORN BUT I'VE HAD A LOT OF BAD LUCK. TWO MEN WERE KILLED SAME WAY AS YOUR STEP-MAW WAS. DO YOU REMEMBER 'BOU YOU MAW?

YES, DADDY, BUT I'D RATHER NOT TALK ABOUT IT.

DADDY, IS MISTER WILOUGHBY STILL IN THE CORNFIELD?

WHO?
OH, THE SCARECROW, YES. 'E'S STILL THERE

HELLO, MR. WILOUGHBY HAVE YOU MISSED ME? PAW SAYS YOU'VE BEEN DOING A FINE JOB— NOW THAT I'M HERE, YOU'LL BE EVEN BETTER.

LORDY, I THOUGHT THEY HAD CURED YOU AT THAT SAN-I-TERI-UM.

IT'S ONLY STRAW AND WOOD— NOT A REAL MAN. LOOK, I'LL SHOW YA.

NO, PAW! DON'T! PLEASE, DON'T HURT HIM!

I WON'T, SEE? LOOK, BABY, THEY'RE HAVING A CARNIVAL AT PAYNE-COUNTY. WHY DON'T YOU COME WITH ME.

ALL RIGHT, PAW. I'D LIKE THAT.

GOOD BYE, MR. WILOUGHBY.







CAN YOU SEE THEM, BRIAN?
THE SPIRITS ARE ANGRY AT US
FOR TRESSPASSING ON
THEIR SACRED BURIAL
GROUND.

DON'T TALK THAT WAY,
BABY. I DON'T HEAR
OR SEE ANYTHING.
YOU'RE TALKING
CRAZY.

BUM-BOM-BOM!

BOM-BOM!



YOU HEAR THEM,
DON'T YOU, MISTER
WILOUGHBY?

THAT
DOES IT!



THERE! I HOPE YOUR OLD
MAN WHIPS YOU REAL GOOD
FOR LEAVING HIM LIKE THAT.
MAYBE HE'LL WHIP YOU
UNTIL YOU'RE SANE AGAIN.



EVEN THOUGH HER MOUTH IS CUT, BABY-
LOU TRIES TO WARN BRIAN.

DON'T LEAVE THE CORNFIELD
OR YOU'LL BE IN DANGER!
CONROY...!

FROM WHAT-
YOUR OLD MAN,
OR MAYBE
FROM YOUR
SCARECROW?



GAAAAAA!



BABY-LOU, HOW'D YOU GET HOME?...LORDY, WHAT HAVE YA DONE?

IT WASN'T ME, PAW!



IT WAS THE SCARECROW! IT'S ALIVE! THIS'LL MAKE SURE THAT IT DON'T KILL AG'IN.

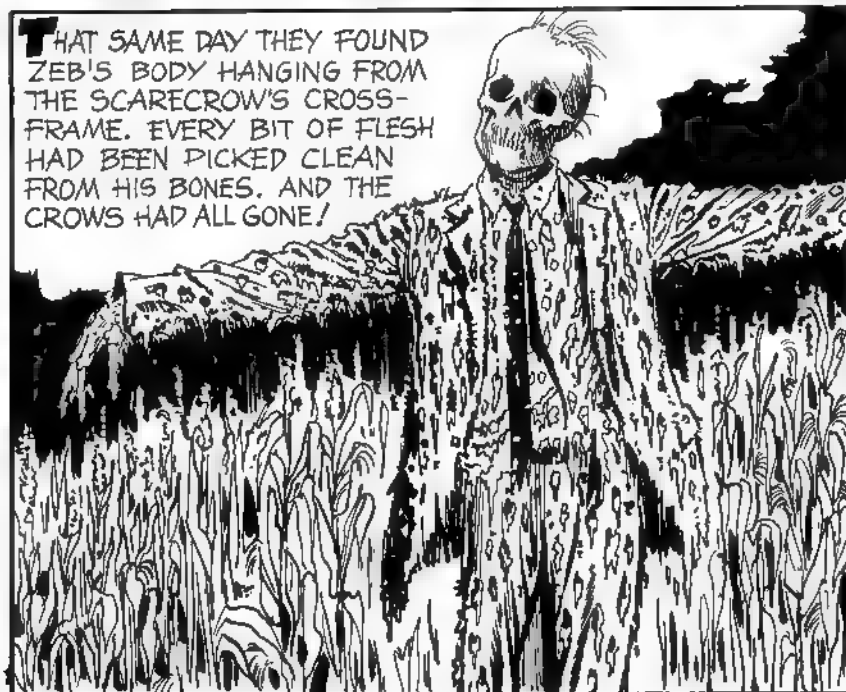
IT WASN'T THE SCARECROW! THE SCARECROW PROTECTED US!



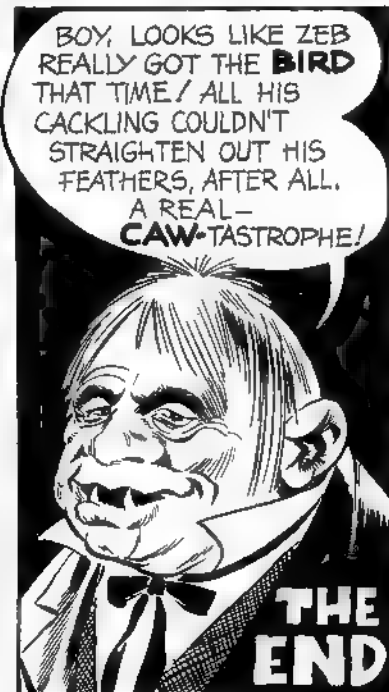
FROM WHAT?

THE CROWS! THE INDIAN GHOSTS ARE IN THOSE CROWS!

WHEN THEY FOUND BABY-LOU THE NEXT DAY, WALKING EMPTY-EYED, ALONG THE DIRT ROAD LEADING TO HER HOUSE, SHE WAS MUMBLING SOMETHING ABOUT THE SCARECROW IN THE CORNFIELD.



THAT SAME DAY THEY FOUND ZEB'S BODY HANGING FROM THE SCARECROW'S CROSS-FRAME. EVERY BIT OF FLESH HAD BEEN PICKED CLEAN FROM HIS BONES. AND THE CROWS HAD ALL GONE!



BOY, LOOKS LIKE ZEB REALLY GOT THE BIRD THAT TIME! ALL HIS CACKLING COULDN'T STRAIGHTEN OUT HIS FEATHERS, AFTER ALL. A REAL-CAW-TASTROPHE!

THE END

**THEMES TO ME WE'VE GOT A MUTILATING
MELODY FOR ALL YOU MAKE-BELIEVE MAUL
ROOMERS TO HEAR... SO PERK YOUR EARS UP
SIT BACK AND STAY**

TUNED IN!

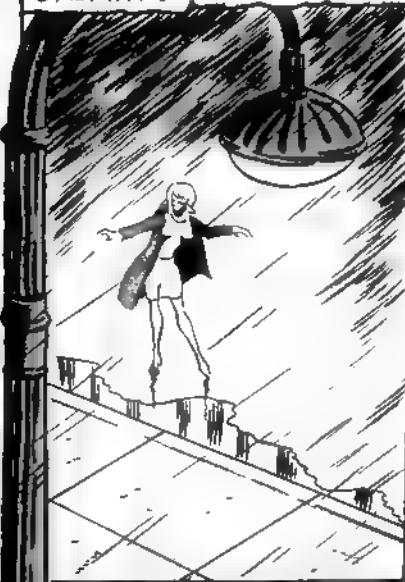
**HIGH HEELS RACE ACROSS
RAIN SLICKED CONCRETE!
THE CLICKING ECHOES
DOWN LONELY ALLEYWAYS!**



**RAIN STRIKES THE FACE
OF A FEMALE CAUGHT IN
THE COLD GRIP OF TERROR!
A SHADOWY FIGURE PARTS
FROM A SIDE STREET, DIS-
APPEARING INTO A DOOR-
WAY! FEAR SINKS ITS ICY
CLAWS INTO HER SPINE!**



**SHE FREEZES, HER HEART
BEATING SAVAGELY AS THE
BLOOD POUNDS IN HER TEM-
PLES! SHE GASPS FOR
BREATH!**



**NOWHERE TO HIDE, SHE STANDS PARALYZED HER EARS IMAGINING THE SOUND OF
HUSHED FOOTSTEPS BEHIND HER! SHE TURNS... AND SUDDENLY...**

WHA... MFFFF...



HOW DID IT LOOK?

LOOKED GOOD!
IT'S A TAKE!
THAT'S IT FOR TODAY!
LET'S STRIKE THE
SET!

KLIEG LIGHTS DIM! GRIPS PULL
THE PLUGS! PROPERTY MEN DIS-
MANTLE THE ILLUSION! THE DIRECTOR
CONFERS WITH HIS STAR...

I SEE YOU'RE BEGINNING TO GET INTO THE
PART MUCH BETTER THAN THOSE FIRST
FEW DAYS OF SHOOTING! I REALIZE IT'S
QUITE A CHANGE FROM THOSE ROMANTIC
LEADS YOU PLAYED FOR YEARS BUT...
WELL, NONE OF US ARE GETTING ANY
YOUNGER!

I KNOW!

IT'S A GOOD PART
YOU CAN DO A LOT
WITH IT. SEE YOU ON
THE SET TOMORROW!

THE DIRECTOR CRUISES HOME IN THE
BACK OF A PRUSSIAN BLUE LIMOUSINE.
RUSS ANDREWS TAKES THE SHOE-
LEATHER EXPRESS!

A GOOD PART!

...YEAH, IF I WANT TO BE TYPED INTO
PLAYING PSYCHO KILLERS FOR THE REST
OF MY LIFE! THIS IS IT, RUSS, OLD BOY!
FROM HERE ON OUT IT'S DOWNHILL
ALL THE WAY!

A WARM HAPPY HOME IS A COMFORT
TO ANYONE! RUSS ANDREWS WISHES HE
HAD ONE!

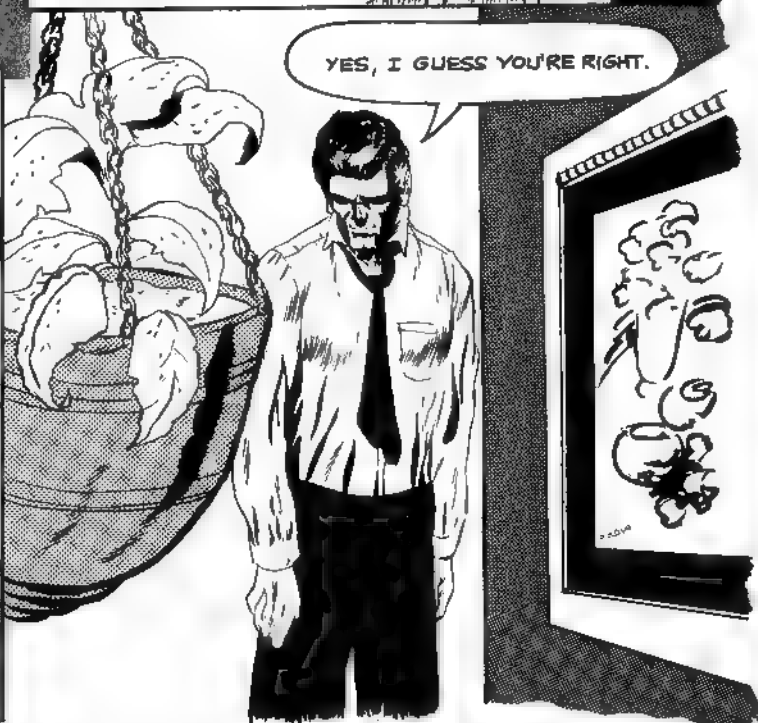
I'M HOME,
DEAR!

I'VE BEEN SLAVING ALL DAY
COOKING YOUR
DINNER! I
DON'T KNOW
WHY WE HAD TO
LET THE
COOK GO!

I'M NOT GETTING WHAT
I MADE ON MY LAST
PICTURE, YOU KNOW!

YES, I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT.

SO NOW YOU'RE THROUGH, ALL OF A
SUDDEN! WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO
DO... COOK AND CLEAN? I THOUGHT
BEING MARRIED TO A MOVIE STAR
WOULD BE GLAMOROUS! YOU'RE
AS DULL AS MY OTHER
HUSBANDS!



7:00 AM. THE SET HUMS WITH ELECTRIC EXCITEMENT AS MINIATURE SUNS LIGHT THE INDOOR WORLD AND THE ILLUSION IS SWIFTLY REBORN!

THE MUSIC BEGINS! THE MASSIVE MITCHELL 35 BEGINS EATING UP FILM LIKE A HUNGRY DRAGON!

OKAY EVERYBODY, WE'RE GOING TO TRY SOMETHING NEW TO GET YOU ALL IN THE MOOD! THE THEME MUSIC TO THE PICTURE WILL BE PIPED INTO THE STUDIO! THE MUSIC WON'T BE INTERFERING WITH ANY DIALOGUE! WHAT DO YOU THINK, RUSS?

SOUNDS GOOD TO ME, J.S.!

THIS MUSIC IS REALLY EFFECTIVE! I'M BEGINNING TO COME ALIVE IN THIS ROLE FOR THE FIRST TIME! I ACTUALLY FEEL LIKE A KILLER!

...TRAPPED!

I'VE GOT TO HOLD MY BREATH! IF SHE HEARS ME SHE'LL CALL FOR HELP! ANOTHER STEP AND SHE'LL BE...

Now

Now

Now

Nooww...

CUT! PRINT IT... THAT WAS TERRIFIC, RUSS! I'VE NEVER SEEN A MORE CONVINCING KILLER! IT WAS BELIEVABLE! WE'RE GOING TO USE THE MUSIC EVERY TAKE! OKAY, MISS DUBAY, YOU CAN GET UP...

THIS LOOKS LIKE REAL BLOOD!

LOOK! THE RUBBER MACE IS STILL ON THE WALL! YOU USED A REAL ONE ON THIS GIRL!

WHY DIDN'T I REALIZE I HAD THE REAL ONE? I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN! MAYBE I DID KNOW...

BUT HOW? I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

YOU BET IT IS, BUDDY, SHE'S DEAD!

NO CHARGES WERE PRESSED! ACCIDENTS DURING FILMING ARE COMMON OCCURRENCES... THAT NIGHT MUSIC HAUNTS RUSSELL ANDREWS' EARS... THE THEME MUSIC FROM BLOOD AND BLACK STOCKINGS!

ONLY... A ROLE... A KILLER... KILL... HER... KILLED HER... I KILLED HER!

WILL YOU KEEP QUIET? I'VE GOT TO GET MY BEAUTY SLEEP!

THAT TUNE! I CAN'T GET IT OUT OF MY HEAD! IT KEEPS PLAYING OVER AND OVER AGAIN!

THE NEXT MORNING A TIRED-EYED RUSSELL ANDREWS STUMBLES ONTO THE SET...

YOU'VE GOT TO STOP PLAYING THAT MUSIC! IT'S DRIVING ME CRAZY!

NONSENSE, RUSS! YOU DON'T SEEM TO KNOW WHAT THAT MUSIC DOES FOR YOU! THIS APPROACH HAS BEEN JUST GREAT AND IS GOING TO MEAN A LOT TO YOUR CAREER!

NOW, LET'S GET THIS SCENE! START THE MUSIC!

THE WEEKS OF SHOOTING DRAG ON. THE MUSIC DRIVEN DEEPER INTO RUSS ANDREWS' BRAIN! THE SCRIPT DEMANDS THAT EIGHT WOMEN BE BRUTALLY MURDERED BEFORE THE KILLER IS BROUGHT TO JUSTICE. MOODY AND DEPRESSED RUSS POURS HIS PROBLEMS TO CINEMATOGRAPHER HARLAN GREGGS...

BUT THAT'S JUST IT... IT IS THE REAL THING IT IS!

DON'T LET IT GET TO YOU! WHEN THE CAMERAS STOP, FORGET IT ALL! THAT'S WHAT I DO! ANYWAY, THERE'S ONLY A FEW MORE SHOOTING DAYS LEFT... THEN IT WILL BE ALL OVER!

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT! I CAN MAKE IT THROUGH A FEW MORE DAYS... I THINK!

I CAN'T GO ON MUCH LONGER! HARLAN, I JUST CAN'T TAKE IT! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS ROLE IS DOING TO ME! EVERY TIME I HEAR THE MUSIC... I...

YOU ACTORS ARE FANTASTIC! WHEN I WATCH YOU KILL THOSE PEOPLE IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE IT'S NOT THE REAL THING!

RUSS ANDREWS WALKS THE LAST MILE!



THE IRON DOOR SLAMS SHUT! THE LIGHT SIFTS INTO DEATH ROW THE FLICKERS! THE DIRECTOR SCREAMS "CUT! PRINT IT!"

I DIDN'T THINK I'D MAKE IT TILL THE END. IT'S OVER NOW! I CAN RELAX... FORGET THE WHOLE THING!



WELL THAT WRAPS IT UP! I'D LIKE YOU TO LOOK THROUGH SOME OF THE RUSHES WITH ME! MEET ME IN THE SCREENING ROOM!

NOW RUSS GAZES THROUGH THE WINDOW OF THE SCREENING DOOR! THE RUSHES ARE ON THE SCREEN! HE SEES HIMSELF MENACING A WOMAN! HE OPENS THE DOOR! ...MUSIC! THE NOTES RING IN HIS EARS, STING HIS BRAIN!

HE RECORDED THE MUSIC! I CAN'T STAY HERE! I'VE GOT TO LEAVE! MY EARS... MY...



THOSE SAME HAUNTING NOTES. IT SCREAMS AND WHINES! IT GROWS LOUDER IT MAKES RUSS' BLOOD RUSH, HIS FLESH CRAWL!

MY EARS! I CAN'T STAND IT! HELP ME SOMEONE! I...I'VE GOT TO... GOT TO KILL... KILL!... KILL!



I'M GLAD YOU GOT HERE SO QUICKLY! WE'RE ONLY UP TO THE THIRD MURDER!

A SCREAM ECHOES THROUGH HIS MIND... A SCREAM THAT COMMANDS HIM TO KILL! KILL! HIS HANDS BEGIN MOVING TOWARD HIS DIRECTOR'S THROAT! HE TRIES TO STOP! THE MUSIC STOPS, THE REEL IS OVER! HE BOLTS FROM HIS SEAT!



RUSS ANDREWS COLLAPSES OUT OF BREATH ON HIS SOFA AT HOME! WHEN HIS WIFE RETURNS SHE FINDS HIM IN THE KITCHEN!

I WAS JUST OUT SHOPPING! I BOUGHT THE MOST FABULOUS JEWELRY!

AND HERE'S A NEW RELEASE THAT'S SURE TO GO...

DO YOU HAVE THAT NOISE BOX ON? I'VE HAD A ROUGH DAY!



EVERY DAY'S A ROUGH DAY WITH YOU! I WANT TO LISTEN TO IT! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

... STRAIGHT TO THE TOP ... THE THEME TO BLOOD AND BLACK STOCKINGS!



RUSS ANDREWS' PULSE-BEAT QUICKENS! HIS BLOOD COURSES VIOLENTLY THROUGH HIS BODY! HIS VEINS BULGE AND THROB! A HAZE ACROSS HIS EYES!



AGAIN AND AGAIN HE PLUNGES THE SHARP SLIVER OF STEEL... THE MUSIC ENDS! REALITY CRAWLS BACK INTO RUSS ANDREWS' BRAIN!

I'VE GOT TO CLEAN UP THIS MESS... DISPOSE OF HER BODY! AND I KNOW JUST HOW TO DO IT... THE SAME WAY I GOT RID OF THE FIFTH CORPSE IN THE FILM...

PIECE BY PIECE
DOWN THE
GARBAGE
DISPOSAL!



SAFE IN THE REFUGE OF HIS OWN HOME RUSS LIVES IN MORTAL TERROR OF THE RADIO AND OF HIMSELF! AND THE THEME NEVER STOPS PLAYING IN HIS MIND! THE WEEKS PASS! THE NIGHT OF THE PREMIERE ARRIVES!

WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME TODAY WAS YOUR BIRTHDAY? IF I ONLY FOUND OUT SOONER I COULD HAVE PREPARED SOME SORT OF CELEBRATION!

HAVE YOU HEARD? OUR THEME SONG HAS BECOME A REALLY BIG HIT! IT'S PLAYING ON THE RADIO ALL THE TIME!



TURN ON THE RADIO, BATES! WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO CATCH IT!

NO! DON'T YOU FOOL! IT CAN'T COME ON! IT MUSTN'T COME ON!



...ONE YOU'VE ALL BEEN WAITING TO HEAR
...THE THEME FROM **BLOOD AND BLACK STOCKINGS**

RUSS ANDREWS DIGS HIS FINGERS INTO THE SEAT! THE MELODY BUILDS! EACH NOTE ATTACKS HIM, LURING HIM ON UNTIL HIS MANIA IGNITES INTO FLAMING FURY!



DESPERATELY, HE MANUEVERS THE LIMOUSINE INTO AN ALLEY! HE TURNS OFF THE RADIO, DEPOSITS THE BODIES IN TWO EMPTY TRASHCANS, AND ABANDONS THE CAR

AND HERE IS THE STAR OF THE PICTURE NOW, RUSS ANDREWS.

I DON'T DARE SEE THE FILM!
I'VE GOT TO FIND A PLACE
WHERE I CAN'T EVEN HEAR IT!

THE FILM IS ENTHUSIASTICALLY RECEIVED! AS THE CROWD LEAVES RUSS IS SPOTTED BY HARLAND GREGGS...

RUSS WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?
THE RECEPTION ROOM IS EMPTY!
LET'S GO UP AND FIX OURSELVES
A DRINK!

WE CAN'T LET HIM
GET AWAY!

NO! I
HAVE TO...

IT'D SPOIL EVERYTHING!

THE FOUR STEP INTO AN ELEVATOR...

HEY, LISTEN TO THAT! THEY'VE EVEN GOT
THE THEME MUSIC PIPED INTO THE
ELEVATOR! THOSE PROMOTION BOYS THINK
OF EVERYTHING!

HAPPY BIRTHDAY RUSS
FROM THE CAST AND CREW

NOW DIDN'T THAT
TUNE JUST TEAR YOU
TO PIECES? RUSS
MADE SUCH A FUSS
ABOUT THE MELODY
THE WARDEN PROMISED
TO PLAY IT AT HIS
EXECUTION...THIS TIME IT'S
GOING TO BE THE REAL
THING...

IT TOOK A MOMENT...BUT SUDDENLY NO ONE FELT
LIKE SINGING "HAPPY BIRTHDAY."

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THE MIGHTY THOR



Thor, the Norse thundergod, recently had to take an elevator to the top of a midtown skyscraper before he could fly off to Asgard to stop a rampaging witchdoctor — because a cop wouldn't let Thor whirl his magic hammer on a crowded street. A woman in the elevator looked at Thor's shoulder-length blond curls and mused, "That REMINDS me—I'm due for a PERMANENT at noon."

BORIS KARLOFF'S TALES OF THE FRIGHTENED



Do not be afraid. Boris Karloff is here to light your way down the dark, shuddering corridors of blood-chilling suspense. Come in, if you dare. Watch out for trap doors. And, oh yes, please close them behind you when you leave... And watch out for Boris!

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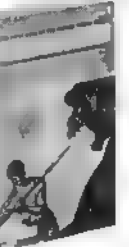
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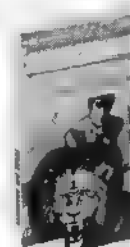
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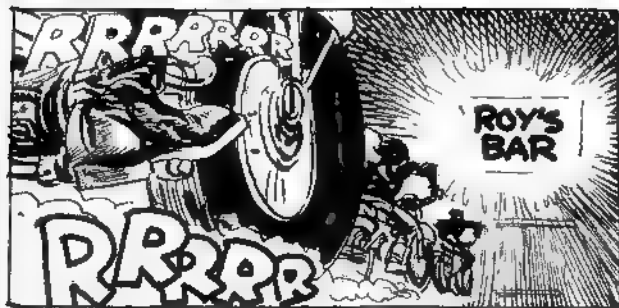
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MUSTER TOGETHER... GANG BUSTERS AND LET'S REV UP SOME REVOLTING REVELATIONS! TWO RIVAL CLUBS SEEMED TO HAVE STARTED A SITUATION THAT CAN ONLY STOP WHEN THE BOTH OF THEM ARE ALL...



CHROME-OUT!

FROM OUT OF THE JAWS OF HELL, LIKE AVENGING ANGELS ON A MISSION OF DESTRUCTION, RIDE *THE ANIMALS*, SPEED-CRAZY KNIGHTS OF THE ROAD CHARGING ACROSS LISTS OF ASPHALT AND TAR! CHROME CHARIOTS GLEAM, BLACK LEATHER JACKETS SHINE, DARK GLASSES REFLECT THE GLINT OF THE SUN! ENGINES SCREAM LIKE TORMENTED DEMONS!



**THE ANIMALS HAVE
ESTABLISHED RESIDENCE.**

**LET'S GET THIS
PARTY OFFICIALLY
STARTED! BREAK
OUT THE
BOOZE!**

**WHAT ARE YOU SHAKIN' FOR, DOLL?
I AIN'T GONNA HURT YOU! DON'T
LET THE CHAINS GIVE YOU THE
WRONG IDEA! I'M A NICE GUY!
BESIDES, I KINDA LIKE
YOU! YOU GOT NICE
EYES!**

**YOU
BETTER GET OUT
OF HERE OR
YOU'RE GOING
TO BE IN
PLENTY OF
TROUBLE WHEN
THE POLICE
ARRIVE!**

**IT'S HIGH
TIME WE GOT
OURSELVES ACQUAINTED, GIRL!**

**NO IT ISN'T! LET
GO OF ME! LET GO...
YOU ANIMAL!**

**SAY THAT IS
ORIGINAL!**

**NOW CALM
DOWN, LITTLE
CHILD, AND
HAVE A DRINK!**

NO!

**WON'T THE
MAD GIRL
TELL THE NICE
MAN WHAT
HER NAME IS?**

IT...

IT'S HEATHER!

**MINE'S LEATHER!
HEATHER AND LEATHER!
IT RHYMES! WE WERE
MEANT FOR EACH
OTHER, KID!**

**IT
MUST
BE A
DRAG--
NIGHT
AFTER NIGHT
SERVING THOSE
SLOBBERING TRUCK
DRIVERS AND THE
REST OF THE CREEPS
IN THIS TOWN!
BLANDINGS,
CALIFORNIA--
EVEN THE
NAME SOUNDS
TASTELESS!**

**THAT'S
RIGHT!
BUT WHAT
DO
YOU DO,
THAT'S SO
DIFFERENT?**

**WE RIDE! WE GET
ON OUR CYCLES AND
MOVE! WE HIT A
DIFFERENT TOWN
EVERY NIGHT, TAKE
IT FOR ALL IT'S
WORTH, AND THEN
LEAVE IT BLEEDING!**

**THE
PARTY
RAGES
ON UNTIL
DAWN BEGINS
TO WASH THE
NIGHT FROM THE
SKY! LAUGHTER
OVERFLOWS THE BAR!
BUT TWO OF THE GUESTS,
OBLIVIOUS TO THE MUSIC
AND THE NOISE, ARE LOST
IN A WORLD OF THEIR OWN.**

**WHAT'S IT LIKE
ON...THE
ROAD?**

WE SLEEP MOST OF THE DAY! **MR. SUN** AIN'T TOO FRIENDLY OUT THERE ON THE HIGHWAY! BUT WHEN HE SETS AND THE COLORS FILL THE SKY--WE START TO MOVE!

THERE'S NOTHING ELSE LIKE IT IN THE WORLD!

ALL THOSE CYCLES RUMBLIN' AND ROARIN' BEHIND YOU... AND YOU UP FRONT STARIN' DOWN AN EMPTY STRETCH OF ROAD AND WIND THAT WHISPERS IN YOUR EAR WHAT'S AROUND THE NEXT BEND? AND THE STARS...

THIS PARTY'S PLAYED ITSELF OUT! WE'LL SPLIT SOON! YOU WON'T HAVE TO PUT UP WITH ME MUCH LONGER!

WHEN ARE YOU LEAVING?

I'M COMING WITH YOU... IF YOU'LL TAKE ME! WHAT I OWN HARDLY FILLS A SUITCASE! I WON'T BE MUCH TROUBLE... HONEST! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! TAKE ME WITH YOU! PLEASE!

DO YOU THINK I'D WASTE MY BREATH ALL NIGHT IF I *DIDN'T* WANT YOU? YOU AND ME *RIDE TOGETHER!*

THIS IS **HEATHER...**
HEATHER AUGUST!
SHE'S RIDING
WITH ME!

LET'S
HIT THE
ROAD!

OH...MY
HEAD! IT FEELS
LIKE IT'S BEEN
RUN OVER BY
A TRUCK!

IT LOOKS LIKE
IT'S BEEN RUN OVER
BY A TRUCK!

OKAY,
EXHAUST!
JUST
WAIT
'TILL WE
FINALLY
INITIATE
YOU AND
YOUR BIG
MOUTH!

CRAZY
EDDIE! HE
HADN'T EVEN
BEEN INITIATED
YET!

YA THINK
THE
TOWNIES
DID IT?

NO!
LOOK AT HIS
NECK! ONLY
ONE GANG MARKS
THEIR VICTIMS
THAT WAY--
THE DEMONS!

NEAR A GRAVEYARD ON
THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN, **THE ANIMALS** DISCOVER...

...THEIR
CYCLES!
LET'S
WRECK
'EM!

NO! EVEN
WE WON'T
SINK
THAT
LOW!
WE'LL
CATCH UP
WITH THEM...

BUT WHERE
HAVE
THEY GONE?
AND WHY
WOULD THEY
LEAVE THEIR
BIKES?

**I DON'T
KNOW!** I'VE
NEVER RUN
INTO **THE
DEMONS** BE-
FORE BUT
I'VE HEARD
THAT THEY
**ONLY RIDE BY
NIGHT!** WE'LL WAIT
UNTIL THEN...

A GRIM PROCESSION MARCHES ACROSS THE PALUDAL TURF THE
SILENCE BROKEN ONLY BY THE RAINDROP BEATING DOWN ON LEATHER.
CRAZY EDDIE IS BURIED!

...ASHES TO
ASHES AND
DUST TO DUST!

EVENING FALLS, **THE ANIMALS** RETURN TO FIND THE **SCREAMIN' DEMONS** HAVE MOVED ON! **THE ANIMALS** TAKE TO THE HIGHWAY IN FRENZIED PURSUIT!



HURRY UP! YOU KNOW WHAT IT MEANS IF THEY CATCH US!

WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT! THEY'RE ON TOP OF US ALREADY!

I'M READY ANY TIME YOU BOYS ARE! ONE AT A TIME OR BOTH AT ONCE--IT WON'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE!

IT WASN'T US! I SWEAR! WE WEREN'T EVEN THERE!

WHICH ONE OF YOU GAVE IT TO EDDIE?



SHUT UP YOU COWARD! ARE YOU AFRAID OF A FIGHT?

TASTE MY STEEL, **ANIMAL!**

LEATHER'S VICE-LIKE GRIP CLOSES DOWN ON THE DEMON'S WRIST! HIS HAND GROWS NUMB! HIS FINGERS TURN BONE WHITE! THE BLADE FALLS FROM HIS GRASP!

WITH BLINDING SPEED **LEATHER** REACHES FOR THE WEAPON! HIS FINGERS CLOSE AROUND ITS HANDLE! HIS ARM SWINGS OUT IN A LIGHTNING ARC! THE COLD STEEL BLADE IS THRUST HOME!





DON'T KILL ME! PLEASE!
DON'T! I'LL DO ANYTHING!
ANYTHING!
JUST DON'T...



...KILL ME!



LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

THE NEXT NIGHT FINDS **THE ANIMALS** ENTRENCHED IN A CAFE IN THE TOWN OF **MULLVILLE**, UNABLE TO FIND ANOTHER TRACE OF **THE DEMONS!**

LOVER, WON'T THE COPS BOTHER YOU BECAUSE OF WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT?

NAH! THEY'LL BE TOO RELIEVED OVER BEING RID OF THOSE GUYS TO WORRY ABOUT ME!



THE CAFE DOOR SWINGS OPEN. A BODY STAGGERS IN, DAZED, STARES IN SILENT BEWILDERMENT, THEN SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR!

IT'S **EXHAUST!** LOOK AT HIS NECK! IT'S JUST LIKE CRAZY EDDIES!

WHAT HAPPENED? WHO DID IT?

THOSE TWO...THE TWO WE KILLED LAST NIGHT...THEY ATTACKED ME! BUT THEY WERE **DEAD!** I KNOW THEY WERE! THEY...



HONEY, WE'RE GOING OUT TO TRACK DOWN THE **DEMONS!** I DON'T WANT YOU HURT! YOU'RE STAYING HERE!

I WANT TO BE WITH YOU!

NO! YOU STAY HERE!



THE LEATHER LEGION SADDLES UP! BOOTHEELS COLLIDE WITH STARTERS! ENGINES REV... EXHAUST PIPES SMOKE... THE EAR-SPLITTING SCREECH OF TIRES ECHOES THROUGH THE DARK STREETS! THE SEARCH BEGINS! HOURS OF ASPHALT PASS, MILES OF ROAD, THE QUEST SEEMS HOPELESS WHEN...

THERE THEY ARE!

LET'S GET 'EM!

BANZAI!

LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE HEADING BACK TOWARD **MULLVILLE!**



A ROARING JUGGERNAUT OF HELL-BENT FURY, THE PACK, IN HOT PURSUIT, CUTS A SWATH THROUGH THE FIELD! IT WOULD SEEM THAT NOTHING COULD STOP THEM NOW BUT A SINGLE FIGURE BRINGS THEM TO A SKIDDING HALT!

CRAZY EDDIE!

YOU CAN'T BE ALIVE! YOU'RE DEAD! WE BURIED YOU!

I WOKE UP IN THAT COFFIN AND STARTED SCREAMING! SOMEBODY MUSTA HEARD ME 'CAUSE THE TOWNIES DUG ME OUT! YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN THEIR FACES WHEN THEY SAW IT WAS ME!

WELL, WE'LL NEVER CATCH **THE DEMONS** NOW!

OH, YES WE WILL! I OVERHEARD ONE OF 'EM TALKIN' ABOUT TOMORROW NIGHT! THEY'RE HAVING A PARTY OUT IN **TWIN BLUFFS CANYON!**

AND WE'RE GOING TO **CRASH IT!**

THE ANIMALS, CONFIDENT OF A FORTHCOMING VICTORY, CRUISE BACK TO THE **MULVILLE CAFE!**

OH MY GOD!

OH NO! OH GOD! NO! NOOOO!

HIS FACE GROWS DARK! HIS MOUTH TWISTS IN A WICKED CURVE! SMOLDERING HATE BURNS IN HIS EYES, CONSUMING HIS SOUL!

THE DEMONS WILL LIVE JUST LONG ENOUGH TO REGRET THIS NIGHT! I **SWEAR** I'LL WREAK THE **BLOODIEST REVENGE** ON THEM THIS EARTH HAS EVER SEEN! **HEATHER WILL BE AVENGED!!!**

FOR **LEATHER** THE FOLLOWING DAY STANDS STILL! **HEATHER** AND **EXHAUST** ARE BURIED! THE DAY HANGS HEAVY AND OVERCAST! FINALLY, THE SUN DIES, AND **THE ANIMALS** HIT THE ROAD TOWARD **TWIN BLUFFS**! THE ROAR OF THE ENGINES POUNDS IN **LEATHER'S** EVERY FIBRE OF HIS BEING **SCREAMS** FOR **REVENGE!**



I THOUGHT YOU SAID THEY'D **BE HERE AT MIDNIGHT!** IT'S **MID-NIGHT NOW!** WHERE ARE THEY? **WHERE!?**



I DON'T KNOW! I...LISTEN! THAT SOUND! THEY'RE COMING!

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW! IN A FEW SECONDS MY FRIENDS WILL BE HERE AND THEN THE PARTY **WILL BEGIN!**



AND I THINK I KNOW WHY **THE DEMONS** ARE LATE. IT'S BECAUSE THEY HAD TO STOP TO PICK UP SOME...



...NEW MEMBERS!

IT'S TOO BAD, **HEATHER!** I REALLY LOVED YOU! BUT NOW I'LL HAVE TO DESTROY YOU AND THE REST OF YOUR GANG!

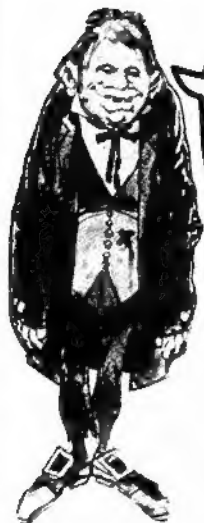


TOO BAD, **CRAZY EDDIE**, YOU, **EXHAUST**... LOOKS LIKE YOU MISS OUT ON THE INITIATION! WE WERE WAITING FOR THE NEXT **FULL MOON!** IT'S OUT **TONIGHT!** AND AS EVERYONE KNOWS **VAMPIRES** DON'T STAND A CHANCE IN A FAIR FIGHT WITH...**WEREWOLVES!!!**

IS THAT HAIRY? KIND OF A BUSTLING BOO-BOO FOR BOOBY EDDIE AND THE REST OF THAT BUNCH TO MAKE! I WONDER WHICH ONE, WON?



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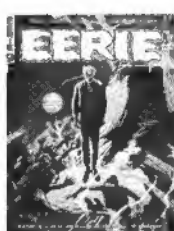
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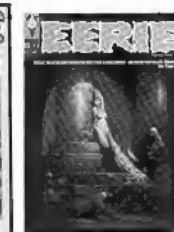
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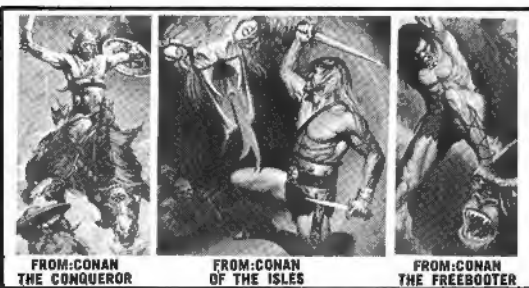
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